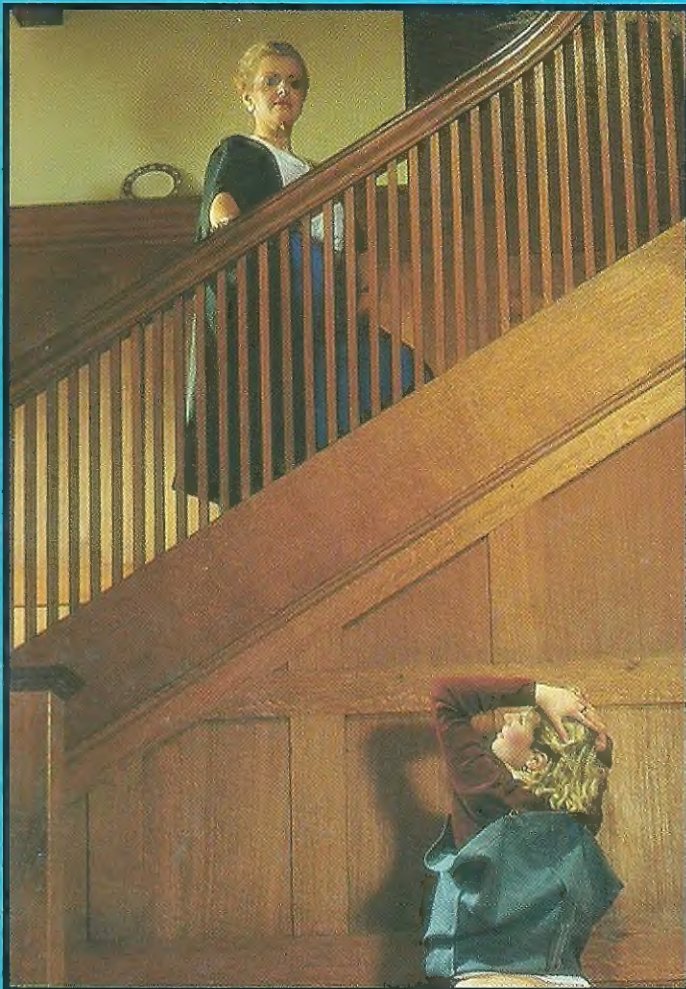
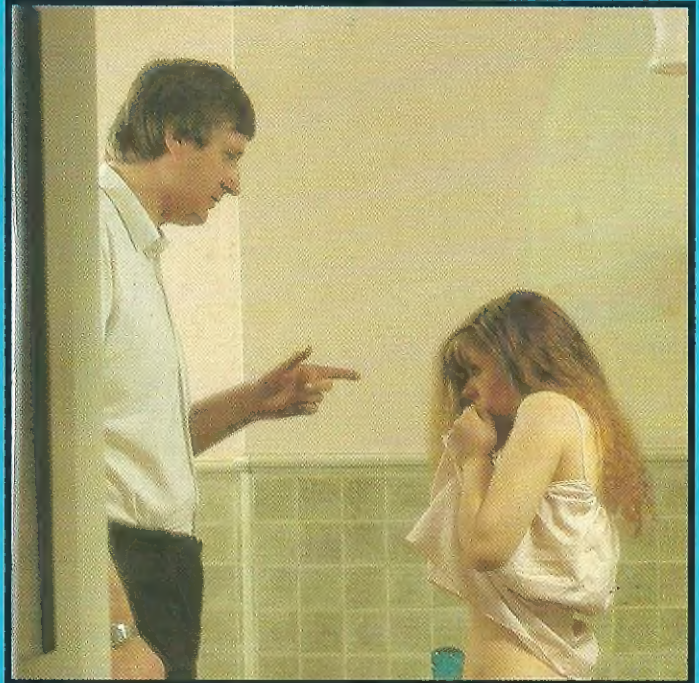
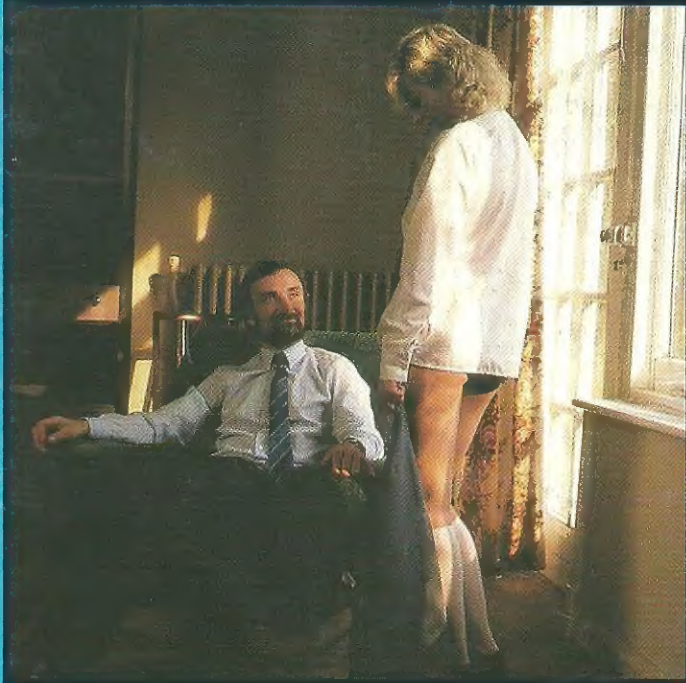


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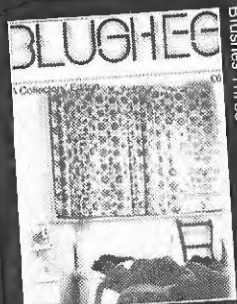
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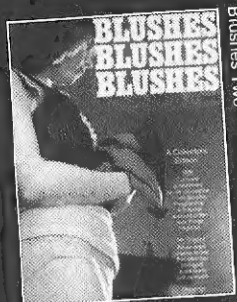
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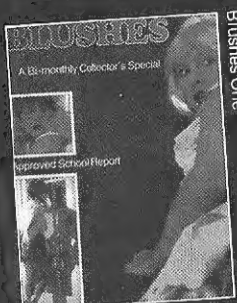
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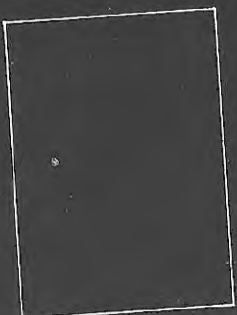
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The 1st Blushes with
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Uniform Girls Two

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the Match.



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Humiliation,
Seduction after a
spanking. Field
sports.



Whispers One

Humiliation dress.
Held hostage.
Cornfield encounter.



Uniform Girls Ten

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The Postulant.
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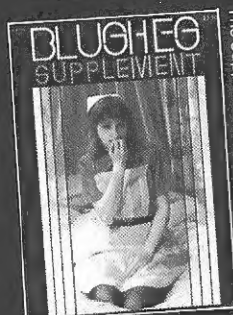
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Uniform girl spanked.
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Humiliation!!



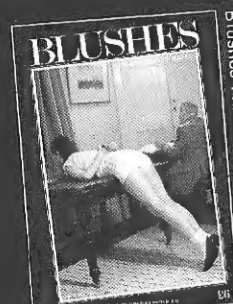
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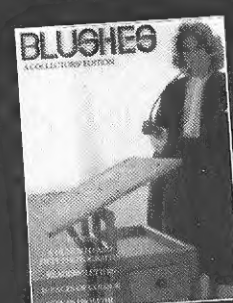
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punishes. Alfresco
caning. Civil service
discipline.



Blushes Six

Valerie fully exposed
and comprehensively
punished in the usual
atmospheric style!



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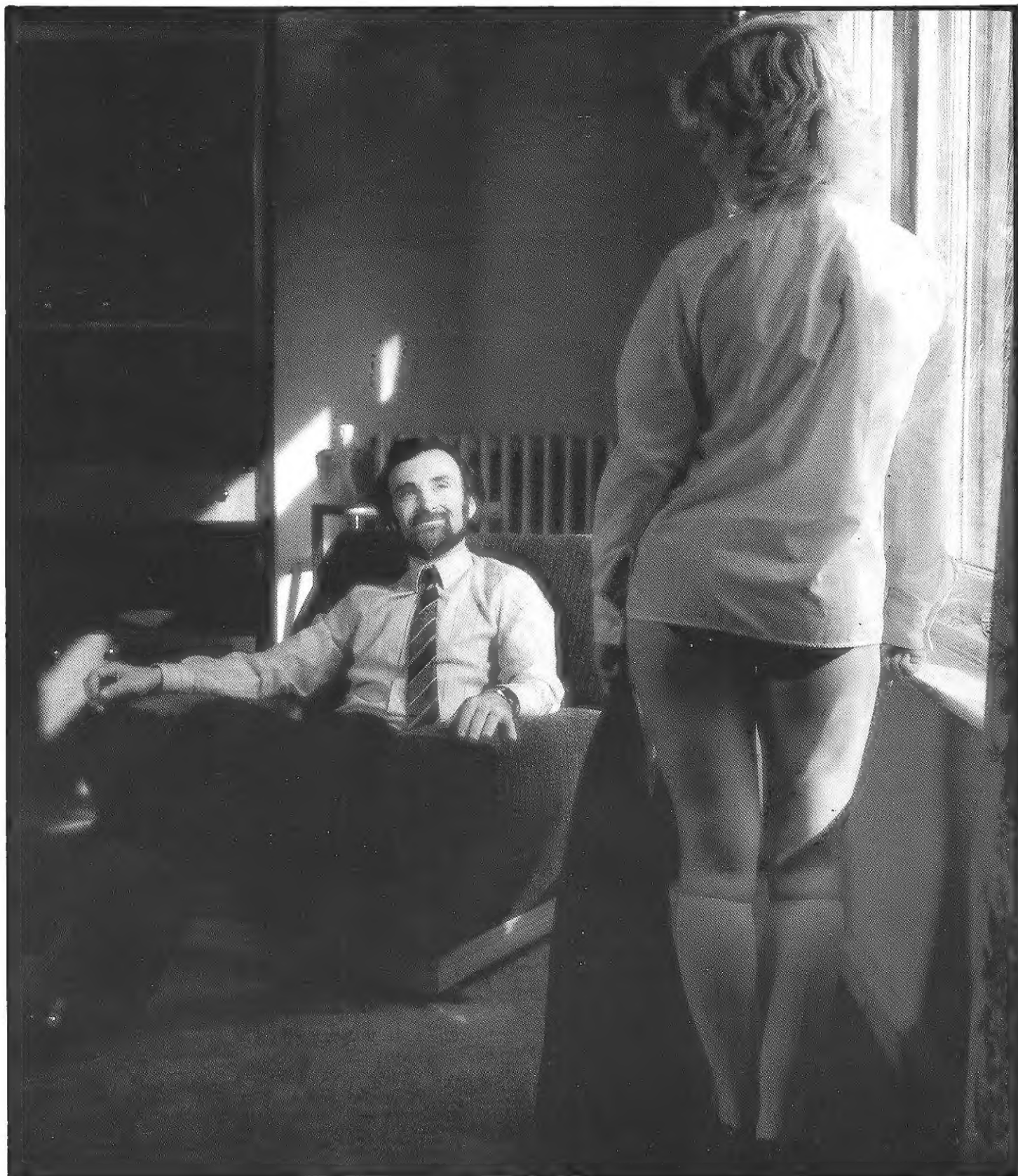
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A VISIT TO THE TUTOR



'I don't know,' the tutor says. 'Really I don't. Eh Susan?'

The girl makes a mumbled noncommittal reply. We cannot for the moment see her face as her back is towards us as she stands facing the tutor who is seated in a comfortable green-upholstered armchair. But she is quite tall and the white blouse and dark knee-length skirt reveal a shapely figure. Bright sunlight is slanting in across her right side from the french window highlighting her shape and her curling honey-blonde hair.

'No I really don't. It was pretty dreadful. So what are we going to do with you, Miss. What do you suggest?'

Above the thighs those full, firm haunches, in insubstantial knickers perhaps. White probably

The highlighted blonde head turns from side to side in a silent reply. She is standing smartly upright, the weight of her full haunches which show through the seat of the tightish skirt evenly balanced on both feet which are in shiny black low-heeled shoes. The nicely-shaped calves above the trim shoes are in smooth-stretched white knee socks. The pretty backs of the knees are pale and vulnerable looking and there is inevitably the thought of more pale and vulnerable flesh above. The bare backs of her thighs. And above the thighs those full, firm haunches, in insubstantial knickers perhaps. White probably, matching the light white bra, the strap of which can be seen under the thin blouse spanning the slim back.

Is that what the tutor, Mr Robson, is thinking as he gazes at her, a slightly amused expression on his face? Susan's bottom in her no doubt insubstantial knickers. He is in shirtsleeves and striped tie, with dark hair and a trimmed beard, thirtyish. To one side on his desk are some sheets of lined foolscap covered with reasonably neat writing in blue ink, with scrawled comment superimposed in red biro. This of course is the matter under discussion: the reason for Susan's unhappy presence here in Mr Robson's study.

'Pretty dreadful.' According to Mr Robson. According to those red-

scrawled comments. But does he really think this? Or could he perhaps be deliberately laying it on a bit thick? So that he can maybe **lay it on a bit thick** in another, more directly physical fashion?

Can this be so? Is this what Susan thinks? Is it what Susan's ripely rounded bottom under the dark skirt thinks. There is no sign of course. Not in Mr Robson's impassive, quizzical gaze. But then there wouldn't be, would there?

'Come here,' he requests. 'Closer. It **wasn't** very good, was it?'

Susan steps forward. Stumbling nervously forward out of the direct shaft of sunlight to stand close to Mr Robson's chair. His hand turns her so that she faces him in a sideways manner. We can now see her face for the first time. Also the rest of the front of her. A softly pretty face with wide blue-grey eyes to go with the honey-blonde curls and a ripely vulnerable mouth. And there are nice-shaped tits in the flimsy blouse: a good-sized, siftly jutting.

The soft lips part, the blue eyes widen further. Alarm bells registering, though perhaps not really jangling. Mr Robson's hand has gripped behind one bare knee. His hand holding bare flesh.

'Yes, we will have to have something, Susan. Won't we?' She bites her lip. The hand has slid on a few inches. Up onto the beginning of the silky-smooth back of her thigh under her skirt.

'Have you got knickers on, Miss?'

Mr Robson's voice is mild, matter-of-fact. As if such a query is not at all out of the ordinary. As if a pretty 17-year old girl **might** choose to visit her tutor without any knickers under her skirt. Or perhaps absent-mindedly forget them. Susan gulps out an affirmative. Trying not to squirm or twist away because the hand is still there. Further up now.

'Yes? Well I don't know. If you produce much more like that last piece maybe you had better come round without them. So that we can get down to it right away. This, Miss.'

Mr Robson pinches the flesh through the thin material, then takes his hand down

She gives a sharp squeal. The hand has suddenly slid right up. Onto her bottom. The tight seat of Susan's knickers. Mr Robson pinches the flesh through the thin material, then takes his hand down, out. 'OK? Get your skirt off then.'

She stumbles back a step. The big blue eyes have a slightly frantic look. Take her skirt off. But hasn't she been expecting this? Her skirt and then ... Because surely this is not the first time.

Susan doesn't argue. Her hands go to the dark skirt's waistband. Unzipping. The skirt slides down, over the full swell of her hips and bottom. And now we see that her knickers **aren't** white. She is wearing black ones. Tight black material snugly hugging the swelling nates. Clinging cosily into the cleft between the cheeks. Perhaps the knickers are a size too small because certainly they are very tight.

Susan straightens up, skirtless now. Looking taller with the quite brief clinging knickers and then her long bare soft-fleshed thighs.

Mr Robson smiles. 'Come here then.' His voice soft, seductive almost.

Susan steps forward again. Mr Robson, grinning, pokes out his index finger. At the level of Susan's crotch. He moves it forward until it is just touching where the black material is taut-stretched over the swell of Susan's pubis. Where on the undercurve of the mound it is possible to make out if you are close — and Mr Robson **is** close — the indentation. This is where he puts his pointing finger. Lightly touching where the lips begin.

'This, Miss. This is your problem, isn't it? A bit of an itch. A continual itch. Eh? So that you're not thinking about your work, you're thinking about this. Eh?'

'Oooooooooohh!'

'Keep still!'

The finger has slid forward. Along the groove of her tightly-knickered slit. Sliding forward along the hot crease. Sending a high voltage current through her. Causing her knees to turn to jelly.

'Keep still, Susan.'

The finger slides in and out.





'Eh Susan. Isn't that the problem?'

'Nnnnnghhhh ...'

Mr Robson's finger is going to drive her out of her mind. If he keeps it there. Sliding diabolically in and out

That is the nearest to a reply (a denial of course) that Susan can muster. Mr Robson's finger is going to drive her out of her mind. If he keeps it there. Sliding diabolically in and out. She is getting wet.

'That's it, eh Miss? Too much action with this. Hot pants. Ants in your knickers. Boys? Or doing it yourself. Mmm?'

The devilish finger at last comes away. She is sweating, her knees almost buckling. Mr Robson doesn't seem to require an answer to his question. No, he is more interested in getting down to the real business.

'Come on then.'

Over his lap he means now. For the spanking. Susan is told to hold her blouse up round her waist and get down. Across Mr Robson's lap. Her blonde head down over the arm of the chair. Hands on the floor. And then Mr Robson is tugging her knickers down with both hands.

Shortly there is that unmistakable sound. Flesh sharply meeting flesh. The hard palm of a man's hand cracking rhythmically down onto a girl's bare bottom. A sound ringing out into Mr Robson's pretty garden with its climbing roses and bright herbaceous border all in full bloom and resplendent on this sunny June afternoon. But there is no person here to hear the sharp, resounding cracks. Or the feminine yelps which accompany them. No one, only a sleepy tabby cat who is not at all interested in the sounds. Perhaps the cat is used to them, they are a regular feature.

The cat has a certain interest in the bicycle through. The girl's bicycle propped against the side of the garage. It gets up and stretches and then walks languidly over to rub itself against the wheel. Perhaps it senses a connection between those urgent sounds and this inanimate visitor to the garden.

The man's searching eyes of course are hoping to see Susan's bare thighs and her knickers

Cycling back from Mr Robson's Susan does her best to keep her skirt down. Does she keep it down sufficiently? She thinks so. And the road and the lane leading from Mr Robson's are pretty deserted. The only thing is some 300 yards along the leafy lane where there is a man cutting his hedge. An older man in his shirtsleeves in the hot sun who stops to watch as she rides by. His eyes of course are on Susan's pumping legs. She holds her skirt down with a half apologetic smile and she is pretty sure he doesn't see. Doesn't see she has no knickers on, she has nothing on under her skirt. The man's searching eyes of course are hoping to see Susan's bare thighs and her knickers. That is what is in his mind, the thought of a quick glimpse of this pretty girl's thighs and knickers. He isn't aware that if he saw that far he would get considerably more than he imagined.

But he doesn't see, Susan is pretty sure. Not that she turns round to check, to reassure herself that there is not that startled, amazed look on his face which would mean he had. No, she cycles on, feeling just a little hotter though she was already hot from cycling on this warm June afternoon. A little extra glow at the thought of him seeing. But he didn't.

Mr Robson has kept her knickers. After the spanking he took them right off. And then after that other business said he was going to keep them. She could have them back this evening. Because he is going to require her to come back again after supper. An extra session in view of her awful essay. Or what Mr Robson called awful, although Susan herself doesn't think it was that bad. But she couldn't say that, of course not. Not unless she wanted more of the things Mr Robson does to a girl who produces awful essays or argues that they are not awful. No, Susan doesn't want any more of it, not any more than she's getting already.

So Susan hasn't argued. She will be going back again this evening. Even though it is not at all convenient. She was due to see Derek, her boyfriend, and she will have to cancel that. Derek will not be pleased but there it is. Mr Robson of course is not concerned about making Susan break her arrangement with Derek. He simply laughs and thinks it a big joke.

'Poor boy! Poor Derek. Will he be terribly frustrated, Susan dear?'

There wasn't really any answer to that. Only a forced acquiescing smile. Mr Robson had laughed again, and briefly groped Susan's pussy.

* * *



* * *



There is something else. A thing maybe she shouldn't do — and shouldn't want to do — but nonetheless has to

Back home Susan parks her bike and, briefly greeting her mother and saying Mr Robson has given her some work to do, goes up to her room. Susan **has** got some work but that is not what she is going to do right away. There is something else. A thing maybe she



shouldn't do — and shouldn't want to do — but nonetheless has to. A visit to Mr Robson and getting a bare-bottom spanking — not to mention the rest — frequently brings it on. Pretty much irresistibly. As now. She locks her door. Then, kicking off her shoes, gets on her bed.

Lying on her back. A little sigh of relief. Or rather expectation of relief. She raises one leg and pulls back her skirt. There are no knickers of course. No knickers to first of all take off. A shuddering gasp as urgently she takes hold of herself. Two fingers sliding in the wetness. To her swollen clit. To begin a frantic massage.

END OF PART ONE

Continued on page 12

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Nurses, schoolgirls, a traffic warden and the school sports captain punished.



Convent discipline. Two nurses, twelve strokes. Majorette sticks it out.



Girl guide's Alfresco spanking. The new maid. A punishment room caning.



Student Librarian brought to book. Girls Headmistress and Mr Martin.



Stable girl's spanking caned in the Saddle. Schoolroom spanking and caning.



Never a bottom left unblushed as knickers come down in the gym study and bedrooms.

MRS MILDALLES

It is cooler today after the hot spell and cycling to Mrs Mildale's house this morning Susan is wearing a plum-coloured jersey over her blouse, plus her knee-length skirt and white knee-socks. Cooler and fresher, quite pleasant cycling, her bare thighs pumping under the skirt. Susan has knickers on this morning of course so there is not that rather awful feeling of two days ago that perhaps her skirt is going to suddenly somehow fly up and reveal everything. Or more particularly reveal the golden-brown fleece of her pussy.

There is not the worry about showing her pussy to any casual bystander, only perhaps a bit of thigh when her skirt slides up and she hasn't for the moment pulled it back down again.

No there is not that worry but there is something else. Mrs Mildale. The image of Mrs Mildale flits in and out of Susan's head. For the moment there is not Mr Robson to worry about, Susan hasn't got to see him again until Saturday which is two days away. And there is not the worry about showing her pussy to any casual bystander, only perhaps a bit of thigh when her skirt slides up and she hasn't for the moment pulled it back down again. No there is only Mrs Mildale. But that is enough.

Mrs Mildale's tall and handsomely female form looms large in Susan's head. Blonde like herself but older of course. In her thirties at least, maybe even forty? but striking looking in her smartly severe blouse and skirt and of course that gown. That long black academic gown.

Susan has been to Mrs Mildale's just the two times so far. The first time was really only an introductory chat and Mrs Mildale was not wearing the gown. But last time, the first session proper, Mrs Mildale was wearing it. And with the gown wearing as it were a whole different demeanour, not at all like the charming and welcoming lady of the first visit. More severe. Much more severe. More severe even than Mr Robson it seemed. Because for one thing, it wasn't only the gown. There was also that cane. Mrs Mildale had shown Susan that scary cane. She hadn't actually used it. But she thought she might have to. That was what Mrs Mildale had said. This time...? Today?

Mrs Mildale had shown Susan that scary cane. She hadn't actually used it. But she thought she might have to.

Mrs Mildale does languages. French. Mr Robson is History and English. The French is like an afterthought. History and English were what Susan needed to improve to get accepted for college, and Susan's mother arranged for Mr Robson. Does she know what Mr Robson is really like? Does she know about bare-bottom spanking? And the other things? But now it is not just English and History, there is the French. Mr Robson has told Susan's mother she needs coaching in French. Which is Mrs Mildale. Mr Robson has recommended Mrs Mildale. With her blonde hair drawn back in a sophisticated way and her statuesque figure. And her gown. And that way of looking at Susan. And of course that cane.

The cane seemed to feel red hot and she could vividly imagine it searing into her bare bottom.

Susan is inevitably thinking of that cane now as she cycles along the road to Mrs Mildale's. Mrs Mildale in her gown and holding that awful cane. It doesn't need any wild flights of imagination to picture it because Susan has seen the cane. Mrs Mildale showed it to her last time. 'Here it is, Susan. A nice springy one. Nice and whippy, don't you think?' Susan even had to touch it. The cane seemed to feel red hot and she could vividly imagine it searing into her bare bottom.

And somehow Susan has the distinct feeling that she is going to get it. Mrs Mildale is going to do it. Because she wants to. There was that look in her eyes. Or so Susan thinks. A look which said Mrs Mildale wanted to do it. She would enjoy doing it. Using that awful cane on Susan's bare bottom. She is going to find an excuse, somehow, to do it.

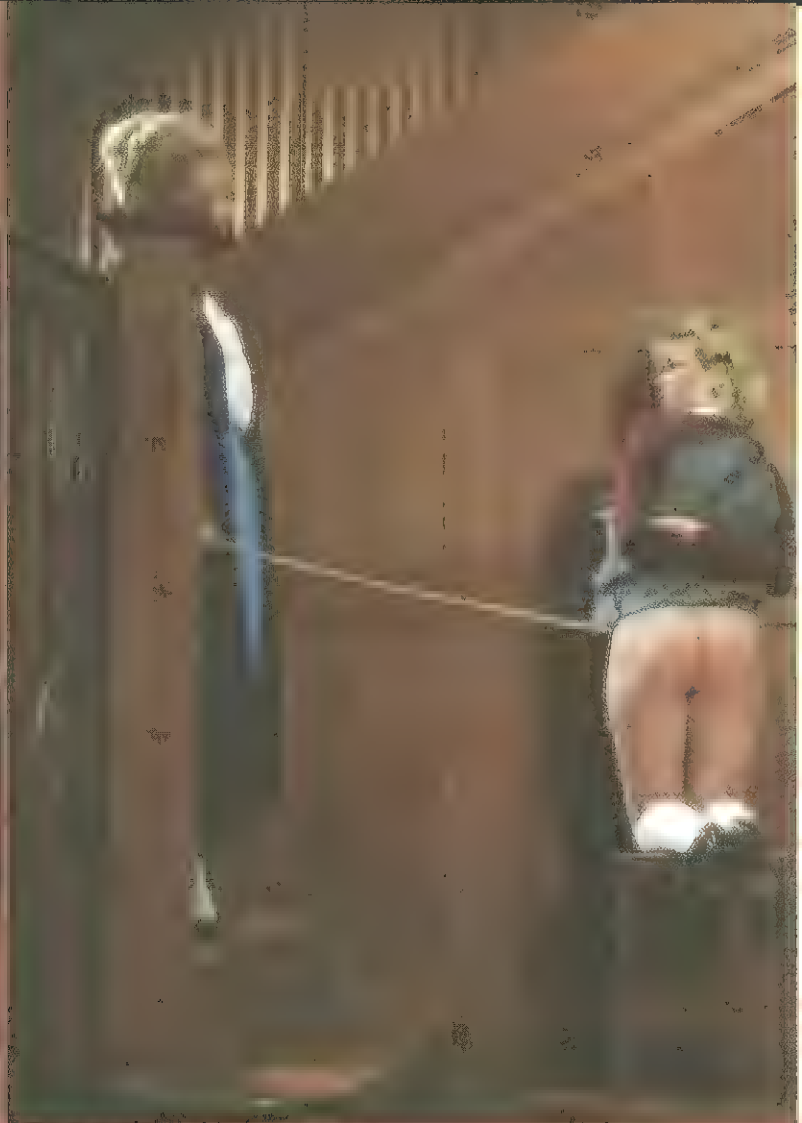
Is all this imagination? Is perhaps Mrs Mildale in reality only using it as a threat, a warning. To make sure Susan works. No. Or at least Susan doesn't think so.

Oh!

Susan grabs at her skirt which has managed to ride right up, to the tops of her thighs. To show the full length of her bare thighs.

Susan's bike, and herself, do a sudden swerve. She had better concentrate on what she's doing. And not think about Mrs Mildale. Not until she gets there. Otherwise she is going to fall off. Crash. Susan grabs at her skirt which has managed to ride right up, to the tops of her thighs. To show the full length of her bare thighs, and her knickers as well. Fortunately there is no one here. No keenly interested male eyes greedy for a look.

Mrs Mildale's house is a mellow stone building in spacious grounds. An altogether grander residence than Mr Robson's. Does Susan's bike, leaning against a wall in the courtyard at the rear, look a little forlorn? Not a very





new or, to be honest, very well cared for machine. It has been waiting here for something like an hour and the tyres which were quite hot from the journey from its owner's house are now cooled. Also the saddle which when its owner dismounted was moist from her lightly perspiring crotch and flexing inner thighs, is now quite dry. It is just about an hour now. An hour can be a long time. Not to a bike of course, even if it does look forlorn and abandoned. But to a person, a girl, 18 years old, hopeful of gaining a college place next year, yes, it can be a long time.

Her very splendid, succulent almost, bare bottom. It is bare because for one thing her knickers have been removed

Susan is inside the house of course. At this moment she is in its rather grand, oak-paneled hall. At the foot of the wide flight of stairs which in right angled sweeps ascend to the upper regions of the house she is kneeling upright on a wooden stool facing the wall. Susan's hands are raised and placed on her honey-blond head. But that is probably not what would immediately strike on entering the hall. What the eye would immediately go to would be Susan's bare bottom. Her very splendid, succulent almost, bare bottom. It is bare because for one thing her knickers have been removed. And additionally her full, dark-blue skirt has been raised right up and in fact its hem pinned high up to the back of her plum-coloured jersey.

Susan's splendid bottom. Yes that is undeniably what draws the eye. It is a marvellously rounded entity, twin moons of ripely swelling youthful flesh. And it is, they are, also decidedly pink. A full flushing pink, like perhaps the face of a pretty girl who in a public place has an unfortunate case of failure-of-knicker-elastic and whose knickers have suddenly slid down beyond the point of control; or perhaps the face of a similar young lady who on a crowded bus say, finds she is standing immediately in front of a persistent and aggressive groper.

Susan's bottom is a ripely blushing pink and the thought must be that it has been spanked. Most vigorously and energetically. A spanking such as Mr Robson can certainly give but this one presumably has been from the hand of Mrs Mildale. Mrs Mildale who on Susan's last visit showed her

that sickening looking cane. Mrs Mildale who Susan was sure intended to use it. But presumably she hasn't. Not yet at least. Susan's bottom shows all the signs of a vigorous hand spanking – or just conceivably this glowing redness could have been caused by a broad strap. But not a

cane.

no doubt we would all very much like to inspect Susan's marvellous bottom

Cane marks are unmistakable. There

would certainly be the tell-tale marks if a caning had been delivered during the last hour. Susan's lovely bottom, as she kneels unmoving apart from the odd little muscular flinch or quiver (because kneeling like this on a hard wooden stool is not at all comfortable), is free from any







off cane marks. Even the minutest inspection (and no doubt we would all very much like to inspect Susan's marvellous bottom in the minutest detail) will discover none. Susan has overhauled them. Not yet. It is perhaps still to come though. But as yet the rather scary Mrs Mildale has contented herself with the use of her evidently very capable hand.

But a warning to Mildale? Is that what is in Susan's head as she kneels with her face to the splendidly mellow oak panelling? Perhaps Susan is here kneeling on the spot waiting for it?

The silence is abruptly broken by the sound of footsteps from above. Someone is descending the stairs. Mrs Mildale? But it is not really a woman's

voice. No, it is not Mrs Mildale. It is a man. A man in a brown suit, not tall, with a round bald head and glasses. Coming down the final flight of stairs now, and over to the kneeling Susan. His sharp eyes behind the round spectacles are focused on Susan's glowing bottom.

"Hello there. How are you feeling?"

He has come close to stand at Susan's side and one hand slides round her waist in a friendly, perhaps avuncular manner. Susan mumbles something. She has shown no great surprise or shock at his approach and presumably Susan has already met this man, whoever his is. Because her skirt is pinned up the hand is on the bottom of her blouse which otherwise would be inside her skirt. On the hem of the white blouse. The hand slides down a fraction. So that it is off the blouse and onto bare flesh. The ripe swell of Susan's hip.

'Still stinging, is it?'

Susan gives a little gasp. Her bottom instinctively flinches as it is groped

And now the hand unashamedly slides down onto the full ripeness of the pinkly glowing nates. They have no doubt been the hand's target from the beginning. Susan gives a little gasp. Her bottom instinctively flinches as it is groped but she otherwise remains still with her hands on her head.

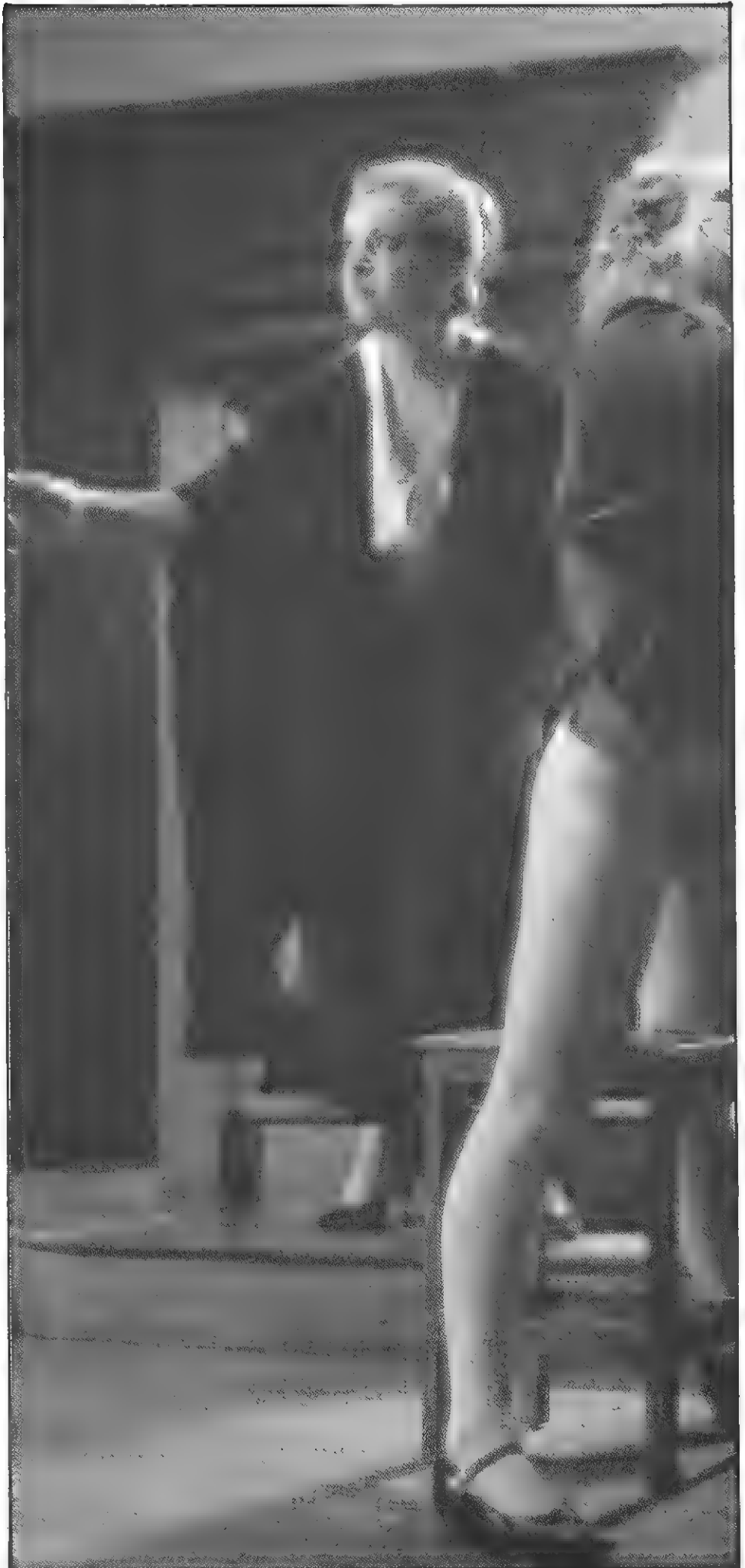
'Yes I'm sure it's OK. No harm done. A spanking never did a girl any harm, eh?'

The hand lightly slaps Susan's bottom, joggling the cheeks, then slides underneath, the undercurve, where the backs of the thighs begin. Susan flinches as the hand fiddles about in this intimate area.

'Turn round,' the man says softly.

Susan mutters that she can't, she has been told not to move. The man says it is alright, he will take responsibility. A moment's hesitation and then Susan, dropping her hands from her head, moves to get off the stool. No doubt she is grateful for the chance to change her position, her knees especially will be getting painful. The hand is still there in the same position, stroking gently. As Susan moves her thighs unavoidably part and perhaps the hand has been waiting for this. It slides smoothly into the opened space. Susan's breath hisses out. She has reached one foot to the floor at this point and half stumbles. Because the hand of course is suddenly right there. On her pussy. A finger tries to insert itself. The hiss turns into a little yelp popping out from Susan's open mouth.

* * *





Mrs Mildale appears some five minutes later, the staccato rapping of her high heels heralding her descent of the wide stairs. Susan is kneeling on the stool again with her hands replaced on her head but is now facing the front. The man is in close attention. Susan's skirt has been raised at the front in the same way as behind, the hem pinned high up on her jersey. So Susan's front below her waist is nude like her bottom. The man's bald head is angled to one side and his hand is on Susan's exposed golden-brown fleece. He straightens up as Mrs Mildale crosses the hall behind him. Turning to smile at her.

'Just seeing how our young lady is, Elaine.'

Mrs Mildale is wearing her long black gown. And she is also carrying a cane. 'I thought I left you facing the wall, Miss?'

Susan begins a nervous reply but the man breaks in. 'It's alright, Elaine. I am responsible.'

'Oh, well that's quite alright, Charles. You are quite at liberty naturally. But I hope she hasn't been flirtatious. Some girls are, immediately a member of the male sex is anywhere near. Especially of course when she already has her bottom bare and can flirt that at you.'

'Oh no, I wouldn't say so, Elaine. Of course ... ha-ha ... it is a most **lubricious** bottom. Mouth-watering one could say.'

Mrs Mildale frowns slightly. 'You men can be very susceptible where young girls are concerned. What she is going to have now of course is a good caning.'

The man removes his glasses and polishes them. 'Of course, Elaine. I am sure it will be most beneficial.' Turning to Susan he adds, 'Don't you agree my dear?' With glasses replaced he walks towards the stairs.

'Get back into position then,' Mrs Mildale says sharply. 'I hope you didn't imagine that by wheedling round Mr Pirbright you could somehow avoid it.'

Susan doesn't reply. Has she thought that by submitting to Mr Pirbright's (that is evidently his name) fondling she might escape the cane? That he might perhaps seek to persuade Mrs

Mildale otherwise. Perhaps suggest that he might have her himself for a while instead? Did Susan think any of this? Whether she did or not there is pretty certainly now no thought in her head except the imminence of the cane. It is now going to happen. As she gets awkwardly off the stool, hands still on her head, and then gets on again in the reverse position. Her face to the wall again. And her bottom facing

THWACK.

Aaaaouuuuhhh! Aaayyaahhh!

Stop that racket. That hardly touched you.

THWACK.

Aaaaouuuuggghhh!
hhaaaaaahhh!

Aaaa.

The first was a sickening shock and the second placed virtually on top of the first across the crest of Susan's shuddering buttocks is even harder. Instinctively Susan's hands jerk away from her head to clutch at her burning bottom. Mrs. Mildale's response to this is to bring the cane slicing in again across the delinquently grabbing hands.

Get your hands away, Miss. Fold them behind your back. At once.

Watching intently, spectacles glittering. One hand in the pocket of his trousers where he seems to have a large bulge in addition to the hand.

Mr Pirbright is halfway up the first flight of stairs. Watching intently, spectacles glittering. One hand in the pocket of his trousers where he seems to have a large bulge in addition to the hand. Somehow Susan manages to keep her arms folded behind her back as the cane whips in again. Her poor bottom is on fire. The pain is unbelievable. Two more mind-bending strokes follow. And then.

Mrs Mildale is telling Susan to get down off the stool. She is crying now, hot salt tears. But it is at least over.

No. Mrs Mildale is merely telling her to assume another position. Standing astride the stool with her hands flat on the wall above her head. Telling her to keep still, she hasn't finished, of course not. She has not had nearly enough.

The cane whistles through the air again.



Over to the other side of the hall Mr Pirbright says something to Mrs Mildale. She gives a wry smile.



'Of course, Charles. But you won't be too long? We need to have another lesson before she goes home.'

Mr Pirbright says no, he won't be long at all. 'But I think that perhaps she could do with a little break. Your charming summerhouse I thought.'

Susan is standing by the stool, her mouth trembling, her big blue eyes wet and glistening. Her skirt has been unpinned and is back in position to conceal her red-striped bottom which feels as if the skin has been taken off it. But at least the caning is finally finished. Smiling Mr Pirbright is beckoning her.

'How is it now?' Mr Pirbright asks. 'It stings a bit I know, a caning like that. But the worst of it soon goes.'

Susan and Mr Pirbright have walked out across the lawn to Mrs Mildale's summerhouse. It is a one-room wooden building with a table and some cane chairs, cool and airy with its windows open. Susan mumbles a reply to Mr Pirbright. Her bottom is still hotly stinging but not as bad as it was certainly.

And it's all in a good cause, eh? St Cuthbert's I mean.'

St Cuthbert's College is where Susan hopes to be next year. Charles Pirbright is in the college Admissions Office. So perhaps it is also all in a good cause to be here in Mrs Mildale's summerhouse with that gentleman.

He puts his arms round her. 'A little kiss; would that make it feel better?'

The hand slides round the front. To take hold of Susan's golden bush. Her pussy. She doesn't resist this either

Susan doesn't resist Mr Pirbright's kiss which starts with her soft lips and then progresses to his tongue thrusting greedily into her mouth. At the same time one of his hands slips down and then up again under her skirt. Susan still has no knickers on, they are somewhere in Mrs Mildale's house. The hand slides round the front. To take hold of Susan's golden bush. Her pussy. She doesn't resist this either. Her thighs slide unresistingly apart.

John is standing, campily, against one iron book, away. She is strictly, nervously looking up at the amphetamine-charged, rosy, because-to-be-don't-misread-it, she is lying back across the low wooden table. His shiny black shoes are deathly

END OF PART TWO.

22



Julie and Alison, two pretty English girls who have just left school, have begun two weeks summer holiday at Menton on the French Riviera before they start college in the autumn. They are looking forward to a wonderful time of Mediterranean sea and sun. But even the best holidays can sometimes go wrong.

This is the life breathed Julie. Absolute heaven.

Alison, too, stunned by the incandescent Mediterranean sun for actual words, grunted in agreement. It was absolute heaven. And they had two weeks of it in front of them. Absolute heaven. Paradise.

What they would really like would be a beach that was quite private. So that they could take off their bikini tops and get an all-over tan.

were these two glorious weeks here. Menton. The French Riviera. Paid for by their dear fathers, a school-leaving present.

Julie, on her back, made a sybaritic gurgling sound. The burning sun was an almost physical presence pressing heavily down onto her nude Ambre Solaire-oiled flesh. Not completely nude because Julie still had on her brief red-and-white-striped bikini bottom but that was all apart from the red scarf covering her long blonde hair. Her lovely boobs were bare to the hot sun, large and pink-rippled and though flattened somewhat in Julie's prostrate position still moulding up from her ribcage.

She gave another pleasurable groan and wriggled her full hips. It was almost like being screwed by this fierce sun. Lying here and letting happen. A lovely sensuous screwing. Julie slid her long legs apart as she did so glancing over at Alison. She was lying on her back on her towel a

Two weeks without Robert and Steve wouldn't really be so bad. Although no doubt there would be times — like right now — when Julie would really feel like it. And of course they both intended to be very good. Chaste, faithful. Hmm. With no one here to see and Alison's head turned away, Julie rubbed herself some more. It was this fiery sun, its rays penetrating deep into her. Making her feel all hot, liquid almost. Her cunt was throbbing. It would take very little just stroking with her fingertips and she would come.

From the ledge in the cliff above the girls the hidden watcher watched. He was no great distance away but perfectly concealed and through the powerful binoculars the two girls seemed almost within touching distance, every detail crystal clear. These two lovely English girls who had arrived at the hotel yesterday

RIVIERA HOLIDAY

The two 18 year old English girls were lying on beach towels on the hot white sand of a glorious, secluded little bay with a steep rocky cliff behind and stretched out in front of them the empty, sun-speckled deep blue sea. Apart from themselves and their beach things the little bay was quite deserted. The man at the hotel had been as good as his word. 'Yes of course,' he had answered when they said what they would really like would be a beach that was quite private. So that they could take off their bikini tops and get an all-over tan (or almost all-over). Not that they had told the hotel man that, but he was as good as his word. The boat had brought them here after breakfast and was going to collect them again at lunch time. Meanwhile

It was simply heaven. Even more so in that a week ago they had still been at school. Now school was over. Finished. In the autumn they would be starting college but right now there

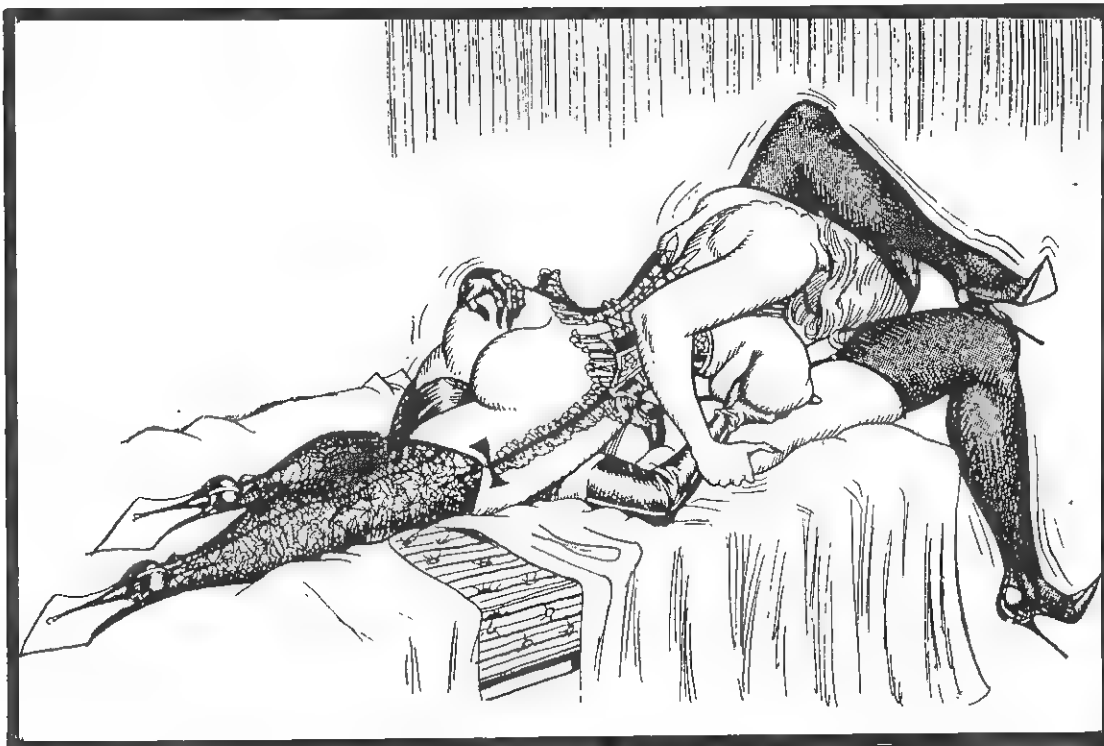
couple of feet away. Alison's head in the yellow and white headscarf was turned away and Julie allowed her hand to slide slackly onto her bikini. Stifling a moan she cupped the mound of her sex.

Her fingers softly stroked along the line of her slit. She could really do with it. A real one, a proper screwing. But that of course was one little thing that was not so super about their holiday. Their boyfriends. They weren't here. Alison's parents didn't approve of Robert and thought it would be good for her not to see him for a while. That was one reason why Mr Sinclair had been so generous and had suggested this holiday to Julie's parents.

Julie rubbed herself some more. It was this fiery sun, its rays penetrating deep into her. Making her feel all hot, liquid almost.

Who had been brought here this morning and as soon as the boat was gone, had taken off their beach jackets and then their bikini tops to expose their beautiful boobs. The smaller brunette with the firm cone-shaped ones and the taller, full-breasted blonde with the lovely big pink nipples. The blonde who now, believing she was unseen and with her friend's back turned, was playing with herself. Stroking her cunt.

It was having a similar effect on him. This beautiful big girl with the lovely large bare breasts surreptitiously wanking herself as she lay spread out on her back on the white beach towel. Turning him on. He had been turned on ever since they stripped off but this was a big extra. This hot young English bitch. A lot of them were of course, English girls on holiday had a reputation for it. But these two, they were something special. Really choice. He could hardly wait to get his hands on them. And not just his hands. His prick. Get his prick up.



His right hand began masturbating as he pictured the blonde with now those brief red-and-white pants off

That thought — of getting at them — added to his hot lust. So much that he couldn't control it. Not that he wanted to. Holding the binoculars in his left hand and supporting them on a rock to keep them steady. Which freed his right hand to grab at the front of his trousers. Jerking down the zip. Pulling it out. Big and thick, quiveringly upright. His right hand began masturbating as he pictured the blonde with now those brief red-and-white pants off. Her lovely long thighs spread. Her pussy. He was sliding into her pussy.

* * *

Alison turned over at the critical moment when Julie's fingertip stroking had her right on the point of coming. Forcing her to stop abruptly. But the feeling of frustration at being so close and then not coming quickly passed. It was too hot for anything except a sort of torpor.

Alison, who evidently didn't notice Julie's flustered state, said she thought she'd have a swim, and then told Julie to be careful or she'd burn in spite of all the sun oil. Alison's skin was darker and they'd both had some sun before but of course English sun was not at all like this.

Julie's front was beginning to feel hot — and it wasn't simply the result of what she'd been doing. She said she would join Alison, then have perhaps ten minutes lying on her front and after that maybe put up the sunshade and lie in the shade. She didn't want to get burnt.

They got to their feet. Both had the same sudden feeling of vulnerability standing there on the open beach with virtually nothing on and with the rocky cliff looking down on them. It was like being in the centre of a stage and inevitably there was the feeling of being watched. Of human eyes on them. But there was clearly no one here, it was only a small bay and easy to see that it was quite deserted.

Alison giggled and playfully slapped at Julie. 'I'll race you in!'

'No!' the blonde yelled. 'I can't run. Not ... with nothing on.'

* * *

'Mr Redling,' Julie said. 'Wasn't he going to the south of France for his holiday?'

The little boat had collected them as arranged, the man saying he could take them there again tomorrow morning or to another place if they preferred

They had come up to their room after

lunch and were lying on their beds, intending to rest for an hour and then go out when it was perhaps a little cooler. Julie was quite pink under the full-skirted white cotton dress she now had on. The little boat had collected them as arranged, the man saying he could take them there again tomorrow morning or to another place if they preferred. It was really very good of the hotel to arrange that.

Alison shook her head. I don't want to think about Mr Redling. Thank-you very much. I ... just hope that wherever he is it's pouring with rain or something.'

Julie laughed. 'What have you got against Mr Redling?' He was their form master at school. It seemed a long way away now and of course all finished. Mr Redling and all the others, all over with. But lying here in this pretty, pleasantly cool hotel room it was nice enough to think about it, and she knew Alison had a thing about Mr Redling. Mr Redling who had seemed to fancy her.

'Nothing,' Alison muttered. 'Well something. Only ... Maybe I'll tell you sometime. That bastard.'

'Tell me!' Julie squealed. She knew there had been something.

Alison was silent. Remembering. She could almost bring herself to tell Julie who was her best friend of course. That dreadful business that she had been sure she could never mention



Alison told her. Although now it was difficult to keep her voice going and not give way to tears. Mr Redling had said she hadn't been trying all year and that was why her grades hadn't been better. So if she wanted a recommendation for college he thought she deserved to be given a lesson. Of course no one else was going to know, it would be strictly private and confidential.

'Naturally,' Alison added bitterly. 'Because if it wasn't he couldn't do it. Christ! You certainly aren't allowed to ... to beat people. Viciously beat them with a cane. And especially ... on ... on ... their bare rear. That dirty bastard! But anyway I didn't have any choice.'

It was unbelievable of course. Julie's mind boggled at it. **Mr Redling caning Alison's bare bottom!** She couldn't help but want to know a few details and Alison told her. Over the arm of his chair etc. And then the other question: why? Why had he singled Alison out for this unspeakable treatment. Because the not-working excuse was a bit thin. Unless Mr Redling was secretly caning half of the class as well.

'He wanted you-know-what,' Alison said grimly. 'To screw me. He didn't put it exactly like that but that was it. He had been keeping on for months.'

ever to anyone. Rotten Mr Redling saying that if she didn't agree to it she wouldn't get his recommendation for college. That really dreadful bastard.

'Come on! Julie urged.

Alison wriggled on the bed. She was wearing her new pink cotton dress bought specially for this trip and it looked really great with her developing tan. As for Mr Redling, that was all in the past. Thank God.

'You won't breath a word? Not to anyone.'

'No! Alison you know ...'

'OK.' Alison's voice was flat, unemotional as she gazed up at the high ceiling. 'He caned me. He made me take my knickers off ... and then he caned me. On the bare. My bare bottom.'

There wasn't anything to say. Not for some long seconds at least. While the full impact of what Alison had said sunk in. Julie grappling to picture this impossible thing. Then:

'Jesus. You ... you're not joking, are you?'

Taking her knickers off in Mr Redling's room. While he went to lock the door. Then having to bend herself over the arm of his chair. It had been like some dreadful dream

'Would I joke about that?' Alison's voice with a little tremble in it now. Because saying it, actually telling someone, brought it all flooding back. Taking her knickers off in Mr Redling's room. While he went to lock the door. Then having to bend herself over the arm of his chair. It had been like some dreadful dream but then when Mr Redling had flipped her skirt up over her back and slid his hand shockingly over the ripe flesh of her bared bottom, it had abruptly stopped being anything like a dream. That awful hand was only too real. And then the sickening cane.

'Wh ... Why ...? Julie asked in a hushed whisper.

'Jesus,' breathed Julie. 'Well I knew he fancied you.' But the main thing was the caning. It was unbelievable. And it was also ... a turn-on. Poor Alison having to take that. She said the pain was killing and Julie could believe it. The cane on your bare bottom from an annoyed and frustrated Mr Redling intent on making it really hurt.

The real thing of course would be better. Steve. His fantastic stiff prick. But Steve was back in good old England. And Julie and Alison had promised to be good

Julie could vividly picture Alison over the chair, her ripe bottom writhing in agony. Yelling out as the cane bit in. She could imagine herself in that position. Getting it from Mr Redling. Jesus! The thought was dreadful but also highly exciting. Julie felt the urge to do what she had been doing on the beach and hadn't been able to finish. Frigging herself. The real thing of course would be better. Steve. His fantastic stiff prick. But Steve was

back in good old England. And Julie and Alison had promised to be good, not go out with any boys or men here. They had promised it to Steve and Robert and also to themselves. Christ, Julie was feeling hot again. Maybe she would have to go to the bathroom and do it.

Just then the phone on the little table between their beds rang. Tangling suddenly into the thoughts of both girls. With a groan Julie rolled over to get it. A man's voice, speaking English with a strong French accent. Something about their passports.

With an effort Julie made herself concentrate. He was from the Customs Office and was carrying out some checks. He would need to see them and check their passports. It was only routine, he said, but he would like to see them that afternoon. He could pick them up from the hotel. And it seemed he already had their passports. They had had to leave them at the hotel desk of course and it seemed that this man, or anyway the Customs Office, had already got their passports from the hotel.

A bit bewildered, Julie was saying Yes, OK. Agreeing that they could go this afternoon. Agreeing to a time. Three o'clock.

'What was all that?' Alison asked as Julie put the phone down. She had only caught part of it.

Julie told her. It's just a routine check, he said. I guess we don't have any choice. She made a face. And we were going to have that ego-boosting stroll along the front with all the local couples admiring us!

He met them in the hotel foyer at three o'clock. He wasn't wearing any sort of uniform but that didn't have to mean anything, just a summer suit and tie. A typical Mediterranean-looking man, medium height and swarthy with black curly hair and a thick moustache, middle-aged. He said he was M Duval and confirmed that his office had their passports.

Julie and Alison of course could have no idea that these same black eyes had been hotly gazing at their virtually nude bodies only hours before.

M Duval's eyes flickered briefly over them – and Julie and Alison of course could have no idea that these same black eyes had been hotly gazing at their virtually nude bodies only hours before. Gazing hotly as Julie surreptitiously played with herself.

No, the girls had no way of knowing that anything was amiss.

His car was outside and he ushered them into the back seat. Not an official car with Customs or Police markings, just an ordinary blue Peugeot. Should they have got into a private car? And shouldn't they have asked M Duval for some sort of identification? It was easy to say that afterwards – but then you don't expect to be kidnapped from your hotel in broad daylight.

There thoughts only came later. After they'd been driven to the villa out along the coast. An attractive white building set back in the hillside at the end of a longish drive that was entered through an electrically-operated steel gate.

'Is this the Customs Office?' Julie asked as the car drew up in front of the house. Because there was no sign, as there had been none on the gate.

M Duval smiled. It is where we interview people.

'And what about our passports? Can we have them back?' Alison asked.

There was another possibly sardonic smile, white teeth showing beneath the heavy moustache. I have to ask the question, Miss. We go inside please.

They were led inside. In the pink marble-floored hallway an older woman in a blue overall briefly appeared but went off at a word from M Duval. In a small sitting room he said he would need to interview them one at a time. He pointed to Julie. She was to be first. Alison was to stay in this room.

The girls glanced at each other. Julie shrugged and said OK. She followed M Duval out. The door was closed – and it sounded like the lock being turned. After a moment's hesitation Alison went over and tried it. Yes. It was locked. For the first time she felt a little tremor of fear.

Julie meanwhile was being led into a similar little room round the corridor.

Another white-walled room with a couple of armchairs and a polished wood table. Through the window were olive trees on the hillside under a hot blue sky. That same blue sky that they had gazed up at on the beach.

Julie looked back from the window to M Duval. She had seen him lock the door on Alison – and now he was locking this door. She felt a tremor of fear too. What was wrong with their passports? Surely this wasn't normal?

You can sit down for a moment, M Duval said, himself now sitting in one of the armchairs. We have some problems down here as maybe you know. I am speaking of drugs of course. Holiday people bring them in from England and of course other places. But England yes. Young people. Pretty young girls. It is perhaps easy for them to think they will not be caught.

It came right out of the blue. Drugs! Julie who had sat down in the chair opposite shook her head. But you can't possibly think.

We are checking your room. And now I must check you here. For any signs of drugs. We have to have an examination.

M Duval spread his hands out. Everyone of course says they are innocent. Every pretty girl with her big innocent blue eyes will say that. But we have to check. We are checking your room. And now I must check you here. For any signs of drugs. We have to have an examination, Miss Maidment. So I must ask you to take your clothes off. All of your clothes please.

Julie couldn't believe her ears. What? What...?

Miss Maidment, I don't think my English is so bad. I think you heard me. Take all your clothes off please. I must examine you.

No...! There's no way.

Yes Miss. You will do it at once please. M Duval's voice was harder. Or I shall have to take your clothes off myself. If necessary, getting someone else to come in to hold you while I do so. But I do state you would prefer to do it yourself.

'I .. I want to see the consul,' Julie said weakly. Wasn't that what they told you to do if you had problems? But you never expected problems. Not **this**. Being accused of smuggling drugs ... and ordered to take all your clothes off.

'There is no consul,' M Duval said dismissively. 'not here. And as you know countries are now cooperating in the fight against drugs. There are special arrangements. That is why you have been brought here. If you cooperate it can be over quickly. Maybe there is no problem. Maybe there is a mistake. And then we are very sorry or course. But first ... I have to perform the tests.'

'Wha ... What tests?'

'Body search. Where pretty girls can hide drugs. You take all the clothes off and then get up on the table. Then I do the check. Where your lucky boyfriend likes to put in his thing, eh?'

'D .. Don't be filthy!' Julie spat. 'No! I'm not going to let you.. do that. No way.' But her voice was faltering. If she wasn't careful she was going to break into tears.

The two of them would do it. One holding her while the other stripped off her clothes and did the examination



Julie didn't quite break down and cry although she certainly felt like it. Because she had no real choice but eventually to comply. Otherwise M Duval was going to get another man in and the two of them would do it. One holding her while the other stripped off her clothes and did the examination. And also he said that even if they didn't find anything suspicious her refusal to cooperate would be taken as an indication of guilt and she (and Alison) could be kept for several more days for further tests.

In a final plea Julie asked for a woman to carry out the examination. M Duval shook his head.. There wasn't a woman available and there was no need to worry. Grinning he said, 'I have very sensitive hands. They can deal very sensitively with a pretty girl's private parts.'

Yes she had to do it. Take her clothes off in this quite small room with the door locked and this dreadful man's eyes watching every move. Was he a

Customs Officer? Julie didn't really think so. Surely they would at least have a woman officer for this. If it really had to be done. And if he wasn't then who was he? But Julie's mind couldn't pursue that. Because she had to ...

Lifting the soft cotton dress up over her head. And then her white slip. Trying not to think. In this little room that was all at once hot, airless. White knickers and bra against her sun-reddened flesh. They had to come off. And her sandals?

'You can keep the shoes on,' M Duval was standing now. As she bent, full nude breasts pendant, to slide down the knickers. Trying not to think. Straightening up. One hand in front of her pussy, the brown bush, her other arm wanting to cover her bare tits, but M Duval was pushing her hands away.

'You must be careful of the sun, Miss.' The hands taing hold of Julie's big, firm tits that were blushing-pink from the sun. 'Keep still ..' as she

flinched away. Fingers and thumbs pullings at the large, semi-erect deeper pink nipples. 'You mustn't burn these.'

It was possibly difficult to imagine what connection Julie's tits might have with drug trafficking but M Duval did not seem in any hurry to let go of them. When he at last did the trembling girl was told to sit on the table. Leaning back on her hands and with one foot also up on the table top. Don't think, Julie told herself desperately. Because it was of course a position that revealed everything. The hair-covered bulge of her cunt with the outer lips split open. M Duval was there, bending between her spread legs. His hands ...

'When did you last have sex, Miss? I need to know that.'

His thumb was teasing open the moist inner lips. She was shivering. It had been two nights ago of course. Before they left. Steve. Was it two nights? It seemed like another world and

anyway she couldn't think. Not with this, what M Duval was doing rubbing her clit now.

'And what about masturbation? I need to know that too. I think perhaps you masturbate a lot. Yes?'

His fingers were inside her, his thumb rubbing her now swollen clit

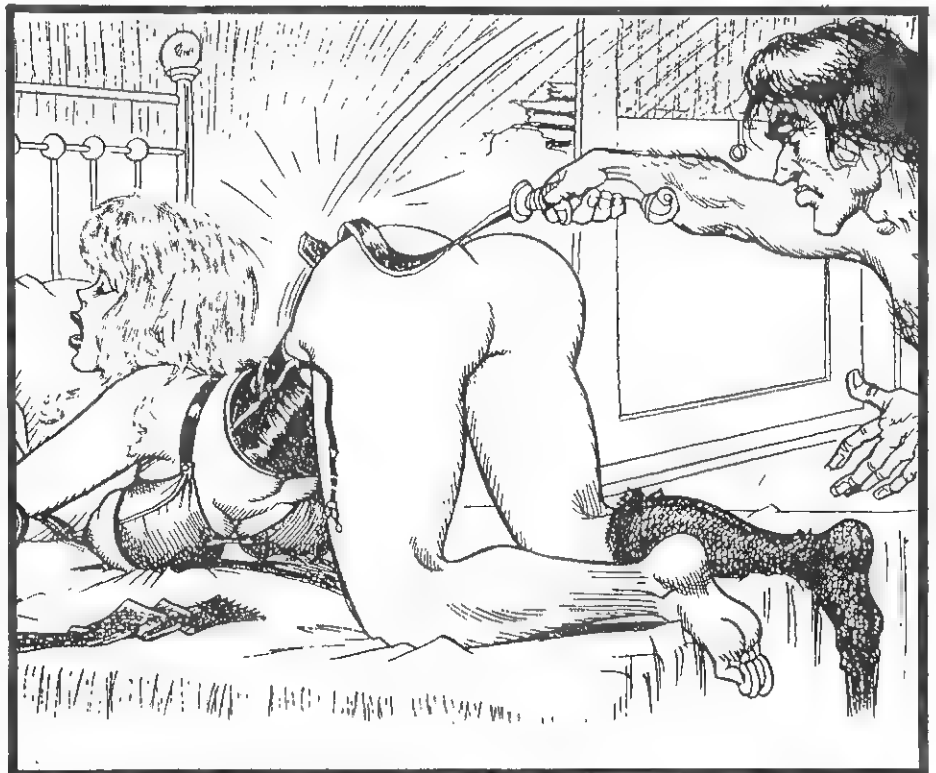
That indeed was what M Duval was doing. Masturbating her. His fingers were inside her, his thumb rubbing her now swollen clit. He couldn't do this, it was unthinkable. But it was inevitably getting to her,, Julie could feel herself responding. Making little whimpering sounds of protest but not being able to stop him. And now he had got her going, not really wanting to. She was moving her hips, pushing herself against this awful, impossibly intrusive male hand.

* * *

Alison looked again at her watch. What was happening to Julie? She was being questioned presumably. About smuggling? It was ridiculous. She wanted to bang on the locked door, demand to be let out. But that would probably only make things worse. Customs officials could be awkward. She would just have to be patient, wait until it was her turn. And then presumably they could go, forget all about it.

Alison got up again, to have another look out of the window. The olive trees and the hot blue sky. She thought for a moment about Mr Redling. Alison hadn't told Julie but she knew he was coming to the south of France on holiday and these same two weeks. Not to Menton, to another place but she couldn't recall the name for the moment. Presumably dreadful Mr Redling hadn't been taken in for questioning about smuggling. It would serve him right if he was. And then maybe thrown in prison.

Alison turned away from the window. She and Julie weren't going to be thrown in prison, were they?



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bottoms at school.
Waiting and getting it
The spanked secretary



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Caned in the 'Inner
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The cane and the
teenage bum. School
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Punishment room
humiliation. Youthful
schoolmistress
Whipped

The Supplement Fourteen

The Supplement Twelve

The Supplement Eleven

Whispers Five

Whispers Four

Whispers Three

Uniform Girls Nine

Uniform Girls Eight

Uniform Girls Seven

Blushes Twenty-one

Blushes Eighteen

Blushes Sixteen

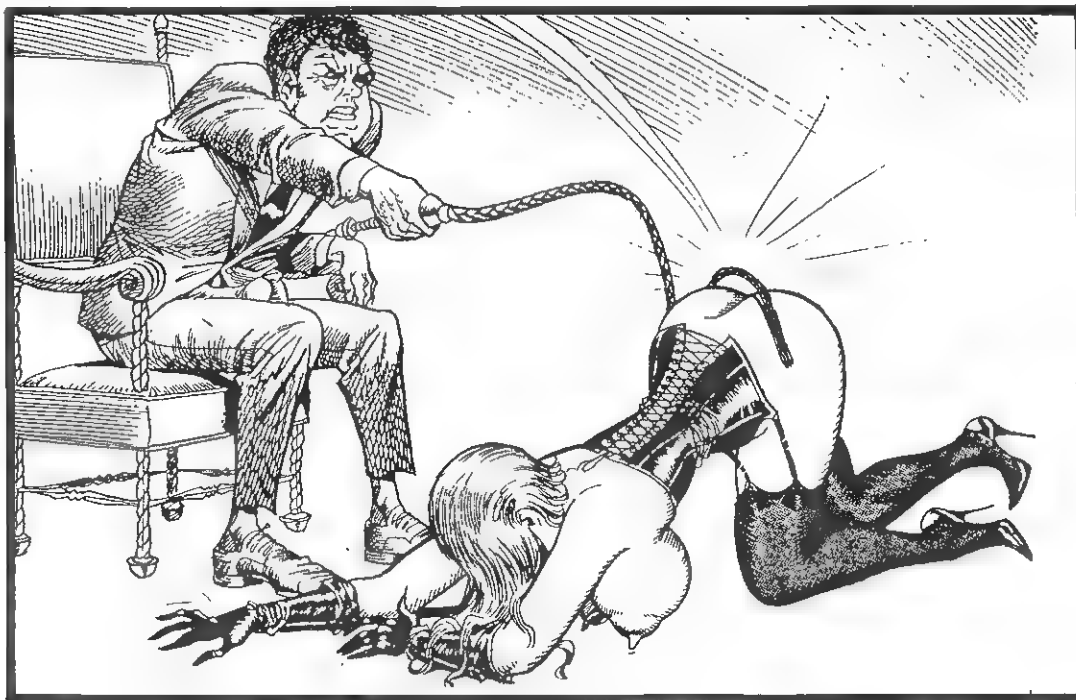
Blushes Fifteen

Blushes Nineteen

Blushes Fourteen

Blushes Seventeen

RIVIERA HOLIDAY –
MR REDLING TO THE RESCUE



*Unknown
to the girls their ex-Form Master has
followed them to the South of France.*

Anthony Redling looked down from his second floor balcony onto the promenade below, dazzling white in the afternoon sun apart from the little patches of shade given by the regularly spaced palms on either side. Across the street two girls in abbreviated bikinis were sauntering along, a blonde and a brunette. The sight caused his heart to give a little jump, not just because they were two very desirable young females but because ... they could almost be the other two. The two English girls. Alison Sinclair and Julie Maidment.

The generously exposed flesh of these two was deep sun-bronzed, Alison and Julie could not have tans like that, not when they would only have arrived here yesterday

They weren't of course. The generously exposed flesh of these two was deep sun-bronzed, Alison and Julie could not have tans like that, not when they would only have arrived

here yesterday. And anyway they were in Menton, along the coast some 25 Kilometers, not here in Nice. Although they could have come here for the day ... Anthony Redling watched as the two girls moved on, their briefly-bikini-ed bottoms now in view, rolling and jiggling.

He went back into his room out of the hot sun. He had arrived here this morning, at the Hotel Galaxie which was a pleasant 3-star hotel just off from the more expensive area of the town. He had come on the overnight sleeper, with his car on the Motor-rail. He was going to need his car, because of the two girls. His two ex-sixth formers. Anthony Redling wasn't exactly sure what he was going to do but clearly he would need the car. Alison Sinclair. It was Alison of course.

Anthony Redling would be reluctant to admit he was obsessed by Alison but that was what it amounted to: an obsession. There were always attractive girls at the school, passing

through your hands as it were. Julie Maidment for instance was an extremely attractive girl, to some no doubt more striking with her blonde good looks and big shapely body than Alison. But Anthony Redling didn't feel the same way about Julie, or anyone else. It was only Alison who had ever really got to him. That was why when he found out that the two girls were coming down here for two weeks he had on the spur of the moment booked a holiday himself. (It had to be along the coast here, in Nice, because the hotels in Menton were by then all booked up.)

This had been before that really fantastic business right at the end of term – when he had finally done what he had wanted to do all year. Well, it was one of the things he had wanted to do, the one he had wanted partly because he was annoyed and frustrated because he couldn't get the other. Which was to screw her. So he had finally done it: caned Alison. It had been unbelievable. An unbelievable experience.

He just wanted ... well he knew what he wanted. And as well as that ... he wouldn't mind caning her again too. Come to that he wouldn't mind caning Julie Maidment as well, as a nice little extra. Caning girls at school was a somewhat dicey business

In the bathroom Anthony eyed what he saw in the full-length mirror. Not a bad-looking bloke perhaps, no obvious imperfections at least, tall and reasonably slim in his bleached shirt and slacks and, he considered, not looking his 42 years although his brown hair might be receding a bit. Did this chap look like an obsessed man? Or some kind of nutter? No he didn't think so. And coming down here where the girls were was not necessarily the act of a nutter. He just wanted, well he knew what he wanted. And as well as that, he wouldn't mind caning her again too. Come to that he wouldn't mind caning Julie Maidment as well, as a nice little extra. Caning girls at school was a somewhat dicey business, you had to be very careful and sure of the situation. He had been reasonably sure with Alison, with her needing the college recommendation. But now they weren't at school. Things were different.

So what was he going to do? First of all Anthony was going to ring their hotel. Which would give them a bit of a shock. Oh yes. And what then? He wasn't sure what then. Maybe he would invite them out to dinner. Because even though Alison at least would feel like saying dreadful things she would have to watch her tongue. She wanted that college place didn't she? So she had better be a good girl. A sweet and agreeable girl. And of course she was a big girl now. Not a schoolgirl. Big girls did certain things when requested. Yes. Anthony Redling standing in front of the bathroom mirror felt his prick stiffen.

Heart thumping, he walked out into the bedroom. To pick up the bedside phone. It was the Hotel Metropole in Menton, he had got that from Alison's mother. (No, don't bother to tell Alison, I don't really expect to be in the area, he had lied). He dialled the number. As he listened to the ring Anthony Redling's left hand unconsciously fondled his swollen penis.

Julie and Alison were brought back to the hotel at about 6.30 Julie who was in the front seat of the blue Peugeot with M Duval felt him grope her bottom as she climbed out. She gave a little yelp.

M Duval laughed. 'Now remember please. Be sensible girls.'

They were now alone together for the first time following their dreadful ordeals but neither felt like discussing her experience.

They were both in a shaken state. The events of the afternoon had been mind-numbing. First Julie in that room with M Duval and then Alison. Node on the table. Being examined for the possible presence of drugs. They were now alone together for the first time following their dreadful ordeals but neither felt like discussing her experience. It was too awful. And the other thing was that it wasn't over. M Duval wasn't finished with them.

At the reception desk there was another shock. There had been a phone call from ... Mr Redling. He in fact had called several times.

'I knew it,' Julie said, her mind with difficulty moving from the other business. 'I knew he was coming to somewhere round here.'

Alison didn't answer. She too had difficulty focusing on Mr Redling.

Mr Redling and that caning ... and this dreadful Frenchman who had done those awful things to her on the table. She certainly didn't want to see Mr Redling—but Julie as they climbed the stairs was saying excitedly that Mr Redling could help them. With dreadful M Duval.

Mr Redling rang again just minutes after they were back in their room. Alison had refused to answer the phone and it was Julie he spoke to. 'Hello. Guess who this is ... etc. He was in a hotel in Nice, had arrived that morning. Were they having a marvellous time?'

It took an effort to answer that. The idyllic morning on that deserted beach seemed like another world. And the afternoon ... 'Yes, Julie heard herself say. 'Great. Really super.'

Then Mr Redling was suggesting that maybe they could meet up. He could take them out to dinner. Julie didn't bother to consult Alison. What was the point? They needed some help. Mr Redling could be a godsend. 'Yes OK,' she said.

Alison started off when Julie told her but was cut short. 'Do you want more of what you got this afternoon? Do you? Whatever that dreadful French person did to you. Because if it was anything like what he did to me ...'

Up on the table with their raised knees open and M Duval's disgusting hand ... examining

It was agreed that they would let Mr Redling take them to dinner. But what were they going to tell him? Everything. About the awful examinations, because when they tentatively compared notes it became clear that they had each suffered in the same way. Up on the table with their raised knees open and M Duval's disgusting hand examining. Neither girl was in fact prepared to admit the whole of it. Which was that M Duval had brought each of them to orgasm. Deliberately doing it, swaying he had to have her in a fully aroused state in order to conduct the examination properly.

No, they didn't admit that to each other and they certainly would not detail it to Mr Redling. But the rest of it, well yes.

'I'm going to take a shower,' Julie pronounced. 'Right away. I feel filthy.'

Alison said yes, she needed a shower too, as soon as Julie was finished, to likewise scrub away the feel of M Duval's hands.

At the restaurant Anthony listened with some amazement as bit by bit the girls' story came out. He had picked them up at the hotel and taken them to this place along the front. La Cig D'Or, with a not too expensive menu, where the three of them now sat outside in the warm and rather humid evening. The two girls, Alison in pink, Julie in white, their faces and arms glowing from their morning in the sun, both looked marvellous. Really, if he hadn't been so obsessed

with Alison at school Anthony could easily have been hooked on her friend. And now he had both of them. For this evening at least – and maybe longer. Because of this scarcely credible story. Accused of drug smuggling!

They must have their wires crossed, he said. I mean unless you have been smuggling stuff.

Alison at least didn't think this was funny. Especially coming from one who had done that diabolical thing to her only weeks ago. 'Don't be stupid!' she spat.

OK, Julie put in quickly. She could guess Alison's feelings but getting Mr Redling's back up was not going to help. She gave him a little smile. It's not a joke. Not what that awful Frenchman did. And of course we haven't been smuggling. We wouldn't know where to start – even if we wanted to.

Yes, I'm sorry. But what did he do? Anthony was storing Alison's remark away for future action. She might not be his pupil now but no one likes being called stupid. And come on, we'd better order. Have what you want.

They ordered and then Alison and Julie blushing recounted what he happened – without spelling it all out. Observing the blushes Anthony could guess what it had involved. He didn't press for details – but he might well later when he had either girl alone. That would be much more interesting.

Anyway can you help. Please! Julie pleaded. Because we're still suspect. For some reason. He's still got our passports. He said we weren't to discuss it with anyone. We're not supposed to be talking to you. He's going to see us again in the morning. It's just dreadful.

This French Customs man had probably made them take all their clothes off ... and had then intimately examined their womanly parts. Their cunts in fact. Women did smuggle stuff in their cunts.

It certainly sounded unpleasant, Anthony thought. High-handed at the very least. He guessed that the girls had been given thorough body

searches, that was the bit they didn't want to be too specific about. This French Customs man had probably made them take all their clothes off ... and had then intimately examined their womanly parts. Their cunts in fact. Women did smuggle stuff in their cunts. Maybe he had intimately examined their bottoms too for the same reason – or excuse at least. The excuse to thrust a stiff finger up their bottoms. Under the table Anthony's prick hardened as he pictured these scenes. Presumably the fellow was a Customs Official?

He decided not to query that too directly. It could send the girls off to report the matter to the police and he didn't want that. There could be less scope, and need, for Mr Anthony Redling BA.

Yes, well you two are very fortunate I'm here, aren't you? He grinned at the both.

Julie said a gushing. Yes. Can you help? Please! Alison, biting her lip, tried at least to produce an amiable expression. Yes. Please help us.

The waiter was bringing their order. When he had left Anthony said, I suppose you'd better cooperate, while I find out what I can. I'll go to the authorities in the morning and make inquiries. Don't worry, it must be some sort of mix-up and I'll sort it out.

That reassuring promise made things seem whole lot better. The two girls weren't all on their own, this familiar presence from their school days would get them out of this very nasty business. Even Alison felt that. She couldn't quite put out of her head what Mr Redling had done to her but more immediately in her mind was that awful Frenchman.

There had been too much excitement – a lot of it unpleasant excitement

When they had finished their meal and had coffee Alison said she was feeling tired and thought she would have an early night. There had been too much excitement – a lot of it unpleasant excitement – and also she wasn't keen on spending all the evening with Mr Redling even if he was now appearing in a slightly different light. Anthony at once saw an opportunity, and siezed it. He still

had that feeling about Alison but there was also Julie. Julie who was looking quite stunning in her flimsy cotton dress.

He said OK, he would drive Alison back to the hotel. But perhaps he and Julie could spend a bit longer discussing the problem. With a sudden inspired thought he said they could perhaps drive out and she could show him where they'd been taken by the Customs man. Julie readily agreed to this, she didn't feel like going back yet either.

She gave a little shuddery smile. Not that I really feel like going out to that place again.

They drive out along the road where M Duval had taken the two girls that afternoon and showed Anthony the turn off. That was enough, he had no intention of investigating further right now. Anthony had other plans.

It's a lovely evening, he observed. We'll find somewhere quiet to stop.

Shortly there was a side road and he turned onto it. It was bordered by olive trees but further along there was a stretch of open ground and he pulled off onto this. It was dark now with the lights of the town and the bay twinkling over to the left in the warm, velvety night. Closer to hand cicadas were creating a continuous background hubbub.

Anthony turned to Julie. His prick was quivering with excitement. Well here we are. The two of us in the big Mediterranean night.

Julie gave a nervous laugh. I'm so glad you're here. To help us.

He reached to put his arm round her. Of course. A night for the damsels in distress. And the damsels will want to show their thanks. Yes?

He pulled Julie close, feeling her shivering. Turning her face he found her ripe mouth. She gave a little grunt but didn't resist as he thrust his tongue in.

Cripes, Julie gasped as Mr Redling finally broke off the kiss. I ... Cripes. I always thought you fancied Alison.

He laughed lightly, with a sense of heady excitement, the sweet taste of



her on his mouth. 'Yes. I still do, to some extent. But she can be a bitch. I caned her. Last term. Did you know that?'

'Sh .. She told me. But only today. This morning on the beach. That was ...'

As his hand took hold of one of her boobs. Julie made a gurgling sound

Julie's words were stopped by Anthony Redling's mouth again. His tongue going forcefully in. As his hand took hold of one of her boobs. Julie made a gurgling sound, struggling weakly. His hand was at the buttons of her dress. She broke her mouth away. 'Look .. you can't ...'

'Yes I can. You're a big girl now, not a schoolgirl. You can do big girl things. And I'm your knight in armour remember. Damsels in distress are nice to their knights in armour.'

Mr Redling had her dress half undone. Then he was pulling her forward to get two hands behind her. At Julie's bra strap. She yelped. He was going to take her tits out.

'You can't ...'

But Mr Redling was simply doing it. Pulling her unfastened bra up off of

them. His hand at her bare boobs, at the now erect nipples. Then bending his head. Shockingly taking one stiffened nipple in his mouth. Julie thought she was going to faint as he sucked it.

She managed to push him off. 'look .. Please .. No ...'

'Yes.' Anthony had the feeling that he could do anything. Here on this warm, heady Riviera night with those cicadas rasping away outside. Anything. His hand slid down to his lightweight flannels. To the zip. Pulling out his over-excited cock. Julie gasped as he placed her hand on it. Made her hand grip this stiff pillar of hot male flesh. She was going to faint now. As he told her what he wanted.

'Nnnngghh ..'

Kissing her again, he was making her stroke it. Up and down. Making her wank him, her hand gripping the thick, stiff shaft that was too thick to get her fingers right round. While in Julie's head was what he had said. He wanted her to take it in her mouth ..

It was dreadful but swoonily exciting too. She had never done it, never had one in her mouth

And that was what shortly she was having to do. Mr Redling pushing her

head down to it. Onto this big red-hot thing. It was dreadful but swoonily exciting too. She had never done it, never had one in her mouth. She had imagined sucking Steve's and the thought really turned her on - but she had always been too scared to actually do it. Now ... unless this was a fantastic dream Julie had Mr Redling's in her mouth. The big smooth domed head of it. That at the initial moment she thought would be too big but no, it was in her mouth.

Filling her mouth. Like a great big lollipop. Like a girl at school once said. Suzy Milder. 'It's like sucking a big fat lollipop. Except that lollipops don't go off, and fill your mouth with sticky cream.'

That mind-stopping thought ... It was suddenly happening. It was going off. Spurting sticky cream.

'See. You're a big girl now.'

Julie was still stunned. Shell-shocked. 'Swallow it,' Mr Redling had said when it had finished. He had pulled her head so that she didn't spit it out. 'Swallow it. It's good for you. High protein.' And she had. Swallowed it down. Retching slightly, at the thought of it. The brief thought that it could get her pregnant but she knew it couldn't. Not in your mouth. A girl had asked that in Biology Class. Trying to shock Mr Selgrove but it hadn't shocked him.

Did you like that? The damsel in distress has rendered the knight a signal service. Have you done it before, Julie? Your boyfriend. Do you suck him off?

Julie gulped out an answer. No. She hadn't. Never. She could hardly believe what she'd done. She could still taste it in her mouth. She realised her tits were still out of her dress, her bra up off them. In the half dark she pulled distractedly at her clothes.

Yes that was very nice. I needed that, with all this excitement. Now you'd better tell me all about this afternoon. What that dreadful Frenchman did.

Hey, what're you doing?" But Anthony Redling didn't move to stop her. Yes that was very nice. I needed that, with all this excitement. Now you'd better tell me all about this afternoon. What that dreadful Frenchman did. I suppose the lecherous beast stuck his finger in your pussy. And up your bottom too? What else? Did he press his person on you? Insist on full sexual intercourse?

"Don't!" Julie squealed. Mr Redling was talking as if it was some kind of joke. No! Well he manhandled us. In a dreadful way. But not that other.

At the same time she was thinking: how can we sit here and talk when he's just done that. Come in her mouth. How was she going to face Alison? Or Steve for that matter - though at least she wouldn't be seeing Steve for two weeks. If it was two weeks, because that awful Frenchman had said they could be put in prison. Oh God. Everything was happening. That awful M Duval and now Mr Redling.

Mr Redling was pulling her close again. She whimpered. So tell me about the boyfriend then. You say you don't suck him off?

Julie breathed a shuddery No.

What then? You fuck him. Don't try and tell me pretty Julie doesn't fuck him.

She tried not to answer this awful question but had to. And had to admit to Yes. But... not a lot. I mean really. I don't.

Anthony Redling wouldn't believe it wasn't a lot. So he said. As he kissed her again and groped at her boobs. He believed she did it a lot. And Julie's boyfriend wasn't here, so what was she going to do for the next two weeks: find a nice French or Italian boy who would screw her. Was that what she and Alison had in mind?

Julie squealed that it wasn't. As Mr Redling's hands worked at her. At the big boobs and also up under the flimsy skirt.

I bet it was. That's the first thing I thought when I heard you and Alison were coming down here: the two of you off on the razze. You'd be fucking like crazy - to get a bit more experience for college perhaps.

"No! Julie gasped. And don't please. I thought we were going to talk about tomorrow. What you can do.

It was difficult to concentrate on it right now. Not with his hands on lovely Julie. And that absolutely fantastic experience she'd just given him.

Yes, Anthony certainly had to think about that but it was difficult to concentrate on it right now. Not with his hands on lovely Julie. And that absolutely fantastic experience she'd just given him. Not too willingly perhaps but given nonetheless. The fantastic suck. So fantastic that although it was only minutes ago he was getting randy again.

I'll get that sorted, don't worry. But right now I'm afraid this lovely damsel is getting me too excited. And I bet what she's just done has got her pretty excited too.

Julie gasped. No. I mean it's got me all confused. And feeling awful. But I...

Mr Redling said he wanted to do the other now. A fuck. She breathed a desperate No... oo... But he was insisting, with now one hand right up between Julie's hot thighs. If she didn't want that... he'd have to have the other again. Her mouth.

Julie tried to refuse. She couldn't. Not again. Though at the same time the thought of it in her mouth again was headily exciting. And if it was that or the other, well, she didn't have any

protection. Steve used a rubber but probably Mr Redling wouldn't want that, probably wouldn't have one. So.

He was getting it out again. His thing. It was just as huge as before. In her hand again. Making her go all gooey.

I can't... she said weakly. Please. But Mr Redling was pushing her down and she took it. Taking it in her mouth quite greedily this time. With her legs wide open so that Mr Redling could get his hand at her pussy. His fingers in the crotch of her knickers where she was stickily wet. She came as Anthony Redling came, spurring his creamy stuff into her throat.

Pulling out onto the Menton road again Anthony gave a little whoop of pure pleasure. Fantastic. He felt absolutely fantastic. Julie, huddled next to him did not feel quite so exultant.

It's all right for you. You've done those things and feel good but what about me. And Alison. Tomorrow. That dreadful man again. Mr Redling, what are we going to do?

Anthony's hand slid down to Julie's thigh. Don't worry. And I told you, Anthony is the name. We're not at school now. And especially now you've had me in your mouth. But don't worry. I'll get it sorted out. One thing is that I've got an old friend in the Nice consular office. I had been meaning to look him up. He's sure to be able to help.

Really? That was certainly something. Something positive to report to Alison. Julie didn't know what she was going to say about the rest.

I must get that Alison sorted out. She's still a little on cheeky. Immature perhaps. I think I'm going to have to cane that young lady's bottom again.

Yes, we'll get it sorted out. He was silent for a moment, watching the road. And also... I must get that Alison sorted out. She's still a little bit cheeky. Immature perhaps. I think I'm going to have to cane that young lady's bottom again.



Julie duly reported that main piece of information: Mr Redling's friend in the Nice consulate. Or **Anthony's** friend. Alison brusquely queried Julie's use of his first name.

'Yes, well now we're not at school it's silly to call him Mr Redling. Especially if ... we're going to see quite a bit of him I suppose.' The implications of this rolled around in Julie's head.

'I could never call that dreadful man Anthony,' Alison fumed.

Julie shrugged. Her head was full of all the other business. 'He was a bit ... you know .. amorous.'

That bastard. He was at me all last year. Wanting it. And because I wouldn't let him ... Really they should do something about such people in the teaching profession. What did he do? Get his hand up your skirt? And where did he take you?'

Julie proceeded to give a very edited version of the evening. Leaving out among other things Mr Redling's statement about giving Alison another caning.

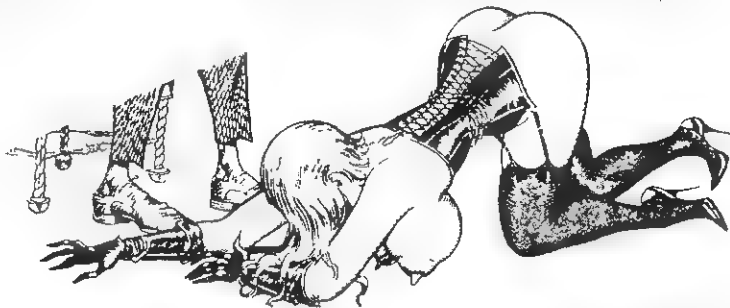
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Yes Mr Redling is getting in the action and is no doubt planning more. (He does seem keen to get Alison bending over bare-bottomed again at the very least.) And there is M Duval the lecherous Frenchman poised to have

a second go at the girls in the morning. But this is only the beginning. What else do you think will befall our heroines? The Editor has had a couple of letters so far with splendid ideas and these letters will be printed

in the next **Blushes**. As will all the best of your letters. And the ideas and suggestions will be incorporated by the author of **RIVIERA HOLIDAY** into further instalments of the story. So get pen and paper out **now**.





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I'm sorry, Derek. I can't help it. You know I can't help it. But if I'm going to get a place at St Cuthbert's, well, I've got to do what he wants.

Got to do what? Does Derek know what Susan has to do? Or submit to? In pursuit of her place at St Cuthbert's. No he doesn't, is the answer. Derek most certainly doesn't. But when Susan says 'I've got to' she is merely referring to an extended tutorial session, not to what may happen at the session.

Susan and Derek are parked in Derek's oldish Escort for a relatively brief lunchtime meeting. Susan was due to see Derek later today after her

available to take down her knickers and open her thighs either on the Escort's back seat or on Derek's blanket. She may of course have her knickers down for Mr Robson but Derek doesn't know that.

Derek feels like saying: Bugger Mr Robson and bugger St Cuthbert's. Or something like it. But of course such a sentiment, and such an expression, would not find favour with his young lady. Susan is dead set on getting a place at St Cuth's and to get in she needs the tutoring. And if her tutors prescribe extra visits or longer ones she has to agree.

'Don't be annoyed, Derek dear

dearly like to get something now if there is to be nothing this evening. But there is certainly no time, Susan has to do an errand for her mother and then... it is Mr Robson. Get on her bike and ride over to Mr Robson's.

'Just think of me, Derek,' she tells him. 'I'm the one who has to go and it's not exactly enjoyable. It's hard work.'

Yes. Of course. Is Susan thinking of Mrs Mildale's dreadful cane when she says this? Or Mr Pirbright in that summerhouse. She didn't exactly enjoy doing that with Mr Pirbright. Or of course Mr Robson: the very keen bottom spanker. It's a pity Susan can't tell Derek about these trials. But clearly she can't.

TONING UP FOR COLLEGE

in the back seat or outside on a blanket Derek could get a bit of what a young man fancies. What a young man indeed needs

The cat is there when Susan arrives. Mr Robson's tabby cat which strolls out of the shrubbery as she wheels her bike round to the side of the garage. Susan is not particularly keen on cats and pushes it away with her foot. She is anyway not in a very good mood. Because for one thing she left Derek in a bad mood.

The main cause of that of course was that Derek is not going to get anything this evening. He will not be able to fuck her in other words. Susan was not too keen that Derek got in a bad mood just because of that; it shouldn't be so important to him. And really he probably doesn't care if she gets into St Cuthbert's or not. The other reason Susan is not in a great mood is Mr Robson. The

Derek would dearly like to get something now if there is to be nothing this evening

thought of an extended session with him. A normal length one is bad enough. She can be pretty sure she is

tutorial with Mr Robson this afternoon. For a proper meeting when they could drive out in the country and then either in the back seat or outside on a blanket Derek could get a bit of what a young man fancies. What a young man indeed needs from his girlfriend at regular and reasonably frequent intervals.

But Mr Robson has phoned Susan to say it may be appropriate to extend this afternoon's session. In view of the extra work Susan needs to do. And therefore he can't be sure when he will be finished with the lovely girl. So it looks as if Susan will not be

Please. You know you want me to get in.

Derek says, 'I guess so.' But the truth is he is not particularly keen on Susan going to St Cuthbert's. Derek is not himself going to college, he is starting work instead in his father's D-I-Y business. Susan could have had a job there as well, secretarial work in the office, but that didn't appeal to her. No, she had set her heart on going to college. St Cuthbert's.

There is of course no time for anything now. No time for anything of a sexual nature, though Derek would



going to get her knickers taken down. And her bare bottom spanked. It is not something to look forward to with pleasurable anticipation.

* * *

'Do you know what I think, Susan dear?' Mr Robson says. 'I had this sudden thought. What you need is toning up. A fit mind in a fit body. You know? And you're **not** fit are you? I mean not really. I know you ride your bike. With those lovely thighs in delightful action. But it's not **real** fitness, is it? Like say **running**.'

She can be pretty sure she is going to get her knickers taken down. And her bare bottom spanked

Mr Robson greets Susan with this when he opens the door to her and it takes a little while for her mind to focus. Mr Robson has at the same time greeted her with a hand reaching to grope at her bottom and this doesn't help focus a girl's thoughts either. **What** is he saying?

What Mr Robson is saying is that they are going to have some exercises. Or rather Susan is going to do some exercising and Mr Robson is going to supervise and direct. And encourage, keep her up to the mark. With a broad leather strap which he has acquired from somewhere.

In his study Mr Robson produces the strap and waves it in front of Susan's face. Exercise is going to sharpen up her mind and no doubt her essays will then be ten times better. If they're **not** of course ... well, it can only mean she's not trying. Either at the exercise or at her essays. And the strap will deal with that.

So Susan is told to strip off. Brief knickers and a little sleeveless vest are all that are needed for exercise. And maybe as her exercising progresses and Susan gets hot up the knickers and vest can be dispensed with and she can exercise in the nude. But for the moment ...

As Susan's skirt and blouse come off. And then, yes, her knickers and bra. Mr Robson's hands are at her lovely nude boobs

With her head in a bit of a whirl Susan takes off her things. This is quite out of the blue, this talk of exercise. What exercise? Mr Robson has mentined running. Susan does not like the sound of that. She is taking off her things with Mr Robson of course in close attendance. His hands in close attendance. As Susan's skirt and blouse come off. And then, yes, her knickers and bra. Mr Robson's hands are at her lovely nude boobs. Susan is not going to need a bra for this exercising.

When she has everything off and Mr Robson has had a thorough manual check of everything — every part of Susan's delicious anatomy that is — she can put on the little white vest and knickers that Mr Robson has ready. Also a pair of sneakers. They



are going to do some running. Or Susan is. And the white knee socks and smart black shoes which Mr Robson likes Susan to wear are not suitable for running. Neither would bare feet be. The running is going to be out in the country.

'Hard running for perhaps half an hour,' Mr Robson tells her. 'How are you going to cope with that?'

Susan doesn't think she can cope with it at all, it is a **dreadful** thought. She shakes her head. Mr Robson pulls her close, his arms round her. His fingers dig deep into the crack of her succulent bottom.

'You had better do well, young lady.' He gives a little laugh, and then kisses Susan. She thinks briefly of







Derek as she takes Mr Robson's tongue in her mouth.

They go out in Mr Robson's car to a place in the country: a wood. It is in fact a place that Susan and Derek sometimes come to, quiet and secluded, a spot where a young

couple can park and indulge in a little clandestine sexual intercourse undisturbed. At some other seemingly promising spots for this sort of thing you can in fact get loiterers prowling around, **voyeurs** hoping to observe a young couple engage in the act. That can be a

problem on the common for instance where Susan and Derek have been bothered by such attentions. But not here.

'Ever been out here?' Mr Robson asks as they get out of his BMW. Flushing Susan shakes her head. Mr

Robson grabs her, guessing the truth. 'I bet you have. With that boyfriend. Eh?' His hand slides between Susan's legs to rub at her slit on the tight sports knickers.

Susan finally admits she has. Mr Robson's awful hand is getting her all hot. 'I should stop you, seeing that young bloke,' he says. 'I'm sure it's affecting your work. That is not the

kind of exercise you need, young lady. Not at all. Now then, let's see these lovely legs in action!"

Running! Round this peaty track





which forms a little circuit in the wood. Round and round. The circuit is small enough that Mr Robson

She has to keep going **hard**. Because for one thing Mr Robson has that dreadful strap and every

It is very soon **killing** her. The running, and that diabolical strap. Susan's legs and lungs are **killing** her



standing in the one spot can observe Susan all the way round, so there can be no slacking or taking a rest.

time Susan passes him, every minute or so...
'Aaaaaooowwwhh!'

but Mr Robson doesn't let her stop. Not at least for an impossibly long time.

She had better strip off and get in
the bath



Mr Robson. He comes into the
bathroom just as she is slipping off
her sweaty garments



Back at Mr Robson's house he says she had better strip off and get in the bath. He had **no idea** how unfit she was. This is undoubtedly why Susan's work hasn't been better. They are clearly going to need to do the running **several times a week** to get her in shape and properly toned up.

Susan is still feeling the effects fo that awful session. Pushing herself to the limit. Not to mention that strap with which Mr Robson urged her on every time she passed him. The thought of that experience several times a week makes her feel ill.

Susan is all sweaty from her efforts and getting in a warm bath is a

pleasant thought — or it would be if it were not for Mr Robson. He comes into the bathroom just as she is slipping off her sweaty garments. And Susan's heart gives a nasty little skip. Because Mr Robson has that strap in his hand again.

Grinning he reaches to slide it down





in the water, then slides it up, dripping.

'Wet leather on wet flesh, my dear. Wet leather on a freshly-bathed girl's bottom. How does that sound?'

It sounds mind-boggling. Susan makes a whimpering sound.

'They say it is hotter than a cane. Hotter than Mrs Mildale's cane, Susan. My word!'

'No ...' she yelps. 'No ... please ...'

Mr Robson reaches his hand into the warm water, then slides it up over Susan's nude boobs. He says he has to do something in the garden: he'll be back in 20 minutes for him.

'Standing on the loo,' he adds laughing. 'And holding the strap for me.'

The strap hurts but maybe is not quite as bad as Mrs Mildale's cane. Mr Robson says he could have given Susan it a lot harder. He says this afterwards, when he is putting that stuff on her bottom, to ease the sting.

Because it did really sting even though perhaps not as bad as the cane.

Afterwards Mr Robson wants the other. The same as Mr Pirbright. The same as Derek in fact — although of course Derek is Susan's boyfriend. Upstairs in bed. The bedroom overlooking the side of the garden near the garage where if you looked out you could see Susan's bike, with also that cat strolling about. But Susan isn't looking, she is on the bed with Mr Robson.

What is in Susan's pretty head, at this moment as she performs in the bed with Mr Robson? Is she enjoying it? She is probably enjoying it to a certain extent. At the level of simple physical pleasure. No doubt she

As she performs in the bed with Mr Robson? Is she enjoying it?

shouldn't be enjoying it but if what is happening is pleasurable, the pleasant friction of the male organ sliding in and out, then it is enjoyable. At the purely physical level at least.

What also is in Susan's head? Flitting thoughts of Derek probably, but she certainly doesn't want to dwell on them. And thoughts of St Cuthbert's of course. Oh yes, St Cuths! She can think of that with pleasure. Mr Robson and Mrs Mildale, not to mention Mr Pirbright, are getting her into St Cuths. That is the best thought of all. Thinking of St Cuths and with the physical pleasure of what Mr Robson is expertly doing Susan realises that she is going to come.

Miss Crawford



Jill was an obstinate little spitfire and she was determined not to give Miss Crawford the satisfaction of a victory that afternoon, even though her bottom was still warm with the spanking her superior had just given her. Jill's buttocks ached and throbbed as she bent over to adjust the untidy bottom shelf of the Geography section.

The books and atlases on her allotted shelves were probably the largest and heaviest in the library. She knew Miss Crawford had picked on her that morning just to weaken her into sneaking off early and risk another spanking the next day. But this time Jill was going to stick it out, till the bitter end — just to show that old fuss pot. But, ooow! Jill was suffering! Her cheeks were sore and those tight little knickers didn't help. It wasn't too bad when she was upright and could stand still for a while, but bending over was agony and crouching was out of the question.

Luckily Diane wasn't using the trolley, so Jill loaded it with the returned books from the desk and saved herself several journeys with the heavy volumes to be replaced in their appropriate places.

As luck would have it, the girls' teacher was there, and appeared from behind one of the shelves, so

Miss Crawford made herself scarce and observed the teacher taking charge of the argument. Soon all was quiet again and Miss Crawford retreated back to the Staff Room without having to intervene in the unfortunate situation.

It didn't take her long, however, to realise that this was a good time to give Diane another lesson in discipline and self control. Miss Crawford had suddenly got the urge to punish Diane severely for her unnecessary outburst instead of being mature enough to get her superior to deal with the problem.

Jill had been sensible enough to stay out of the way while Diane was making a fool of herself, but had not missed the appearance of Miss Crawford observing the height of the argument.

'She's not going to let Diane get away with that.' She whispered to herself with a smile. The crafty cow wasn't going to back the poor kid up when she was having a bad time of it, but she'll certainly let her have it on the bum for making such a mess of it,' she thought with a sigh of relief. 'Thank goodness I wasn't involved.'

The teacher marched the girls out with an embarrassed smile towards Jill as she left. Jill smiled back innocently and beckoned Diane over as soon as the room

was empty again.

'Better go and explain to Madam,' Jill said smugly.

'Why should I? She doesn't have to know,' Diane was still shaking with anger.

'Hmm, that's all you know. I'd go now if I were you,' Jill smiled knowingly.

'Well you *would* know, wouldn't you,' the sweat on Diane's forehead was making her fringe quite wet, and a tear trickled out of her eye and rested under her lower eyelid. Jill realised how frightened and upset she was.

'Look, Di, she saw it all, honestly. I wouldn't lie to you. Do yourself a favour and go now.'

Diane was trembling. She covered her mouth with her hand and looked very sad.

'Don't cry, not now. You were really very good, but I couldn't get involved. I'm sorry but you really have got to see her, before she gets a chance to cook something up. You know what she's like?'

'Right.' She took a deep breath, gave Jill a brave smile and turned towards the Staff Room. 'Here goes!'

Miss Crawford was not at all understanding. Jill's spanking earlier that afternoon had given her a taste for Diane's inevitable

punishment. Her fat little bottom was asking to be spanked and Diane could offer no resistance after the upsetting experience she had just had.

Jill soon realised that Diane's prolonged absence meant Miss Crawford was handing out another punishment that day. At least *she* would be left alone a little longer! When no one was looking, she slipped out to the staff room and peeped through the frosted glass panel to confirm her suspicions that the room was empty. Yes, there was not a sign of any movement inside. That meant they were in the locked store room out the back—and Diane was getting walloped.

And Diane was certainly getting walloped! Her rounded young hips were bent over the chair while Miss Crawford stood over her, blistering and trembling cheeks with powerful, stinging strokes. The cane in the woman's hand shrieked as it swung through the air to land accurately across Diane's frightened naked cheeks. Stripes, red and painful, appeared in regular succession as Miss Crawford's fluent arm action continued the punishing blows. Diane yelped and blubbered endlessly. The whining and moaning irritated Miss Crawford, but she said nothing, hoping the girl would keep quiet and still.

'Oooo—no—no.'

SLASH!

The cane struck sharply on the bared flesh and Diane jumped up violently. The cracking cane on her soft chubby buttocks was unbearably stinging and painful. But the fearful anticipation of the whistling as it shot out of the woman's hand before it actually reached her bum was frightening to poor Diane and she reached a point of uncontrollable terror.

Miss Crawford, as yet not wholly satisfied with the incomplete punishment, released her grasp on the girl and laid the cane back on a shelf quietly.

Diane sobbed. She didn't actually get up, but eased herself from the chair, and knelt helplessly on the floor. Her trembling naked cheeks were streaked with the criss-cross of the fiery red cane marks. She regained her senses and wiped the tears from her eyes, still shaking and frightened.

Miss Crawford sat on the chair still warm with the heat from Diane's hot little body which was now trembling quietly next to Miss Crawford's legs. She beckoned coldly towards the girl who obeyed meekly, and laid her soft young body over the woman's lap. Her silky plump cheeks glowed

with the marks of the cracking cane and Diane relaxed as Miss Crawford stoked her bottom soothingly.

Her hand caressed the soft fullness of those naked buttocks, glowing and warm, and inviting. She traced out the grooves on the shiny flesh as Diane winced with the shooting pain across her bottom.

The girl's thighs were quite cool in comparison with the heat radiating from the fiery red buttocks, and her skin was very smooth and tempting.

Whack!

Miss Crawford slapped her thighs with a sharp cracking blow. Diane jumped, but did not make a sound.

Another *Crack!* and another. Miss Crawford slapped the firm thighs with supreme satisfaction. A soft rosy glow began showing through the silky pink flesh and they bounced and bobbed on her hand with the regular strokes. The gentle young flesh cracked scripply under the woman's firm palm. Miss Crawford sat upright with the girl's warm body jumping to and fro across her steady legs.

Diane's sweet little bottom throbbed, with the naked cheeks glowing brilliantly. Tears filled her eyes as the pain grew throughout the lower part of her body. Miss Crawford's hand struck harder and harder on the girl's fiery thighs then a hard, loud wallop landed squarely on her right buttock, stinging the sore cane marks. Two or three thundering whacks startled the sobbing girl.

'OOW! Oh!'

Spank!

'no No P-p-please.'

'Yes, Miss. You've had your punishment. Get up!'

Diane attempted to move away quickly, but was prevented from jumping away from that punishing hand by the soreness in her throbbing, frightened bottom. Still she managed to slip away quite swiftly and into the Staff Room, while Miss Crawford remained in the store room until Diane had returned to the Library after allowing her enough time to have a wash and brush up.

The other girls tried not to notice Diane's return, but couldn't resist smiling at each other when she walked back to the Childrens' Section with such obvious agony.

Miss Crawford came back with a pile of books in her arms.

'Jill.' She called. 'Get Renee to take over the desk for a while—I've got a job for you.'

Jill smiled at the woman as if nothing had happened, and took the books from her, ready for

further instructions.

'I want some of these mysteries back on the shelves—there's been a rush on them lately. I expect that new series on the television has got something to do with it.'

Jill's spine went cold with the mention of sharing the Stock Room with Miss Crawford again. Her knees felt like jelly and her hot little bottom began throbbing quicker and quite painfully.

'Y-yes M-Miss Crawford.'

She put the pile of books on the trolley and followed Miss Crawford towards the dreaded room. She stood at the door waiting, remembering her hasty exit some two hours earlier. She felt quite shaky at the memory and her tight knickers sunk into her quivering fat cheeks.

A big lump grew in her throat! She tried to be brave and stood upright in the doorway, while inside there were butterflies fluttering in her tummy.

Miss Crawford's footsteps echoed eerily on the bare wooden floorboards and Jill shuddered at the thought of her yelps and screams echoing through the half empty room that lunchtime.

'Come on girl! Miss Crawford snapped 'Get the trolley—there's a good couple of hours work here.'

'Right Oh!' She breathed a sigh of relief.

As Jill walked back into the Library for the trolley, the other girls looked up in surprise. They had congregated round the desk, with Diane in the centre describing her recent painful ordeal.

They dispersed quickly back to their places, just in case Miss Crawford appeared unexpectedly.

Jill smirked at them, 'Hmm' she thought 'they thought I was lured into the store room under false pretences! That indignant feeling returned as she wheeled the trolley briskly towards the room.

Her quick movements didn't do her smarting bottom a lot of good and she was forced to slow her pace down considerably by the time she reached the Staff Room.

Miss Crawford was standing threateningly in the doorway, but Jill tried to stay brave. A sharp slap cracked across her swollen buttocks as she neared the woman.

'There's a good girl'. Miss Crawford pointed just towards the two back shelves. 'Just sort them and get them out the front. Before five, please.'

Miss Crawford hesitated for a second, giving the girl an uncomfortable feeling in her soft frightened bottom, and then left her with the bitter sweet memories of that fateful room.

THE END

GERMAN TRAINING COLLEGE



She would have to talk to Julie or Arlene. Of course she would be told it was quite ridiculous. What Alison would then like to do was proclaim it

in some way. Write a note on the main notice board for all to see: Any ridiculous rumours about the Freitof Gymnasium are simply the product of

PURE FANTASY. Please treat these laughable stories with **THE CONTEMPT THEY DESERVE.** Something like that. Yes, Alison

thought she would. Because she knew people were whispering about her, now it was known she was going. And Andrew, she knew he was thinking about it too, but he was probably too sickened to want to mention it.

Alison decided on Julie whom she knew slightly better than Arlene although neither was a close friend. Julie was a pretty blonde, tall and shapely, who did French and played on the netball team. Alison managed to have a quick word with her the day after Andrew's *contretemps* with Simon Smith — although Andrew hadn't mentioned that to Alison. She said she would like to have a little chat. "You know. About Freitof."

Julie gave her a quizzical look. "Well we all know what happens to a girl when she gets sent to that German school," said Simon. "It's common knowledge. She gets caned and she she gets fucked. It's — hey!"

The Head had an arrangement with the German school, sending girls from the Upper Sixth at Mountleigh whom he was thinking of making up to the Full Prefect.

Simon's words were abruptly interrupted as red-faced, Andrew leapt forward and grabbed him. Perhaps not surprisingly because it was Alison Fairford who was referred to. Beautiful red-haired Alison who of course was Andrew's girlfriend. Alison had just been told she was to go on a visit to the Freitof Gymnasium, for a week. The Head had an arrangement with the German school, sending girls from the Upper Sixth at Mountleigh whom he was thinking of making up to the Full Prefect. It was intended as a training exercise, or at least that was how it was portrayed. Boys could be sent to another German school, but were never sent to Freitof although it was a mixed school.

A fierce struggle had developed between Andrew and Simon, or at least fierce on Andrew's part with Simon not attempting to do much more than hold him off. Simon was in the Lower Sixth and a year younger but was stronger than Simon who was tall and thin and not athletic. What had been said, though, had made him see red and was driving him on.

Roger, the third one present, watched with an amused expression. He and Andrew had been strolling in the school garden this Wednesday lunchtime and had happened to meet Simon. Andrew had continued talking about Alison and her recently announced German visit, perhaps unwisely but maybe Andrew couldn't help talking about it. What Simon had said was common knowledge, or at least common rumour. But naturally you wouldn't normally say that directly to Andrew, or to Alison or any other girl who had gone. Or to their boyfriends. But Simon was the kind of person who did sometimes like to stick the needle in.

As the struggle continued Simon was protesting that he hadn't known Alison was Andrew's girlfriend (though this was most unlikely, everyone must know). He hadn't meant to wind him up.

"OK Andrew. Maybe it's not true. It's just what people say. I apologise of course."

"Well if they do — they're filthy-mouthed bastards." Andrew, breathing hard and conscious that he wasn't getting anywhere, was easing up, prepared to accept Simon's proffered honourable way out.

"Look, no hard feelings. OK?"

Andrew shook his head as Simon turned to leave. Roger couldn't resist the chance of a disguised little dig himself.

"He's probably going off to the bog. To toss himself off imagining it."

It's just people with disgusting, feverish minds that dream up these ideas.

Simon said Yes. And then considered the implication. "Look, it doesn't happen, Roger. You know it doesn't happen. It's just people with disgusting, feverish minds that dream up these ideas. I mean the Krauts, they're not savages, sadists. Are they?"

Roger didn't feel like letting Andrew off too lightly. No. But then was the War. They were pretty beastly then. And they're known to be very keen on discipline. Maybe also — the subjugation of women — and girls — for all I know.

Andrew said a despairing, "Oh Christ."

Could it happen? Did it happen? Andrew wasn't the only one torturing himself with these questions. There was certainly Alison as well. Yes she had heard the frightening rumours, those whispers. Other girls had gone to Freitof; past Mountleigh girls and two who were currently at school. Julie Mitchell and Arlene Dailey. They were both Full Prefects, both very attractive girls. Of course weren't girl prefects at Mountleigh always attractive, goodlooking? Well, they always seemed to be. But Julie and Arlene had they had anything? During their visits to Freitof.

It was just some boys' erotic imagination working overtime.

Before Alison had vaguely wondered but dismissed the idea. It was just some boys' erotic imagination working overtime, and then likewise taken up by a few girls who had heard it. Girls didn't get caned nowadays, in Germany or anywhere else, and as for the other suggestion. No, the whole idea had been ridiculous. But now that Alison herself was to go — it was different. She needed to know.



Hesitated. Then said, 'Yes. I suppose I thought you might. OK. But not now. This evening? Come round to my house.'

Alison felt immediately as if a great weight had been lifted from her mind. Almost as if Julie had already confirmed that the rumours were a load of rubbish. She wanted to find Andrew then and there and tell him. And she was going to put that notice up: maybe get Julie and Arlene to sign it as well.

In the end, though, Julie didn't tell Andrew and also didn't tell him she was seeing Julie even though it meant breaking a date with him. She would tell it all afterwards. And no doubt it would come as a great relief to Andrew.

Julie's parents were in and she took Alison up to her room. She had some coffee percolating and poured out two cups. They sat down.

'This is awfully good of you,' Alison began. 'But it's just ... well mostly I suppose it's those awful whispers that some of the boys must have started. You must have heard them. About ... what happens to girls at Freitof.'

'Yes.' Julie was sitting opposite Alison. Their eyes met.

'Well I mean I know it's just rubbish. Stupid fantasies. But ... well it's awful knowing they're saying those things. That I'm going to get caned. And ... all the rest.'

That in addition to being caned a girl got well and truly bonked at the German school.

'All the rest' of course meant the other. That in addition to being caned a girl got well and truly bonked at the German school. Bonked by various members of the school staff. Fucked in other words. As part of the disciplinary programme. Really it was sick.

Julie's face had gone slightly red.

'Yes. Well. The thing is ... it's true.'

Alison had the sudden feeling that she was in a dream. One of those dreams when unbelievable things happen to you and you're in a sort of trance, powerless to prevent them. In this dream Julie was saying that yes, those things **did** happen at the Freitof

Gymnasium. At the same time Alison knew that she **wasn't** in a dream. She was here at Julie's house and Julie was **really** saying it.

'Wh ... What ...?'

'Yes. Look, after you asked me I went to see Mr Ryder. And told him. He said I was to tell you. But to stress of course that it's really **secret**. You can't tell **anyone**. But then you won't, will you? We're not likely to go blabbing it about. I don't know how the rumours got around: maybe it was some boy's wild imagination. But it just happens to be **the truth**.'

Mr Ryder was the Head. 'Uh ... uh ...' Alison had difficulty speaking. 'Mr ... Mr Ryder ...? You mean ... it's true ... and he kn ... knows ...?'

'Yes. Of course he knows. He organised it, didn't he? You go there and then you come back and you're a member of his little club. His secret club. Because once you've been initiated at Freitof **he's** going to do it.'

Alison shook her head. This was **unbelievable**.

'Mr Ryder ...?'

But yes, our dear Headmaster likes to use the cane. On a girl's bare bottom

'Yes Alison dear. Mr Ryder. It's part of the deal for being made a Full Prefect. For a girl at least: I haven't heard that he's interested in this sort of thing with the boys. But yes, our dear Headmaster likes to use the cane. On a girl's bare bottom, Alison. And believe me it's really **quite painful**.'

* * *

Alison left Julie's in a daze. There was less than a week now before she was due to go to the German school. What Julie had said was joking, this was her idea of humour?

No. Because the next day Alison was summoned to see Mr Ryder himself. He smiled as she entered his study. 'Ah Alison, I understand you've had a little talk with Julie.'

Alison mumbled something. Mr Ryder was getting up from his desk. Coming round to her. 'Yes. Well now you know, eh? Our little secret. The girl prefects' club. It's a little thing I started a couple of years ago. For disciplinary purposes of course. And

school **esprit** as well you could say. I'm sure you'll settle into it quite easily. But of course it is entirely confidential. Mmm?'

Mr Ryder was close in now and his arm had come round Alison's waist. Then it slid down. Onto her bottom. Cupping a firm cheek through Alison's thin summer dress. She shuddered as the hand lightly fondled the ripe young flesh.

'Yes Alison dear. You are going to be a very welcome member.'

Her week at Freitof Gymnasium. Afterwards Alison wanted only to obliterate that week from her mind: to make it a blank.

'Yes. OK,' she said with desperately forced brightness to Andrew, and her mother, and anyone else who wanted to know how it was. 'OK. A ... good experience.'

In the hand of the fiendish young sports master

A good experience? Being caned each day. The cane and also that excruciatingly painful horse crop. In the hand of the fiendish young sports master Herr Kurtl. Who made Alison report to him first thing every morning in the changing room in just her slip. To bend Alison over and give her six with the vicious riding crop across her bare bottom.

Was that the worst? Was it worse than the Director? Dr Hanrich. In the evenings in his private sitting room. Dr. Hanrich didn't use a riding crop at least, it was a cane. But that cane could be, and was, murder on a girl's bare bottom. Was that worse? It was not easy to tell. At any particular moment, when you were actually getting it, **that** was the worst. But the **very** worst ...

Was it the other? The others didn't cane her, it was only (only!) Dr Hanrich and Herr Kurtl. But the others, the other male department heads, did the other. Or three of them did. Fucked Alison. How many times altogether? She didn't know. The individual times merged together in Alison's dazed head. As they all laughingly told her it was good for her. It was what a pretty 18-year-old English schoolgirl who perhaps didn't have a lot of experience in that direction **needed**.

* * *

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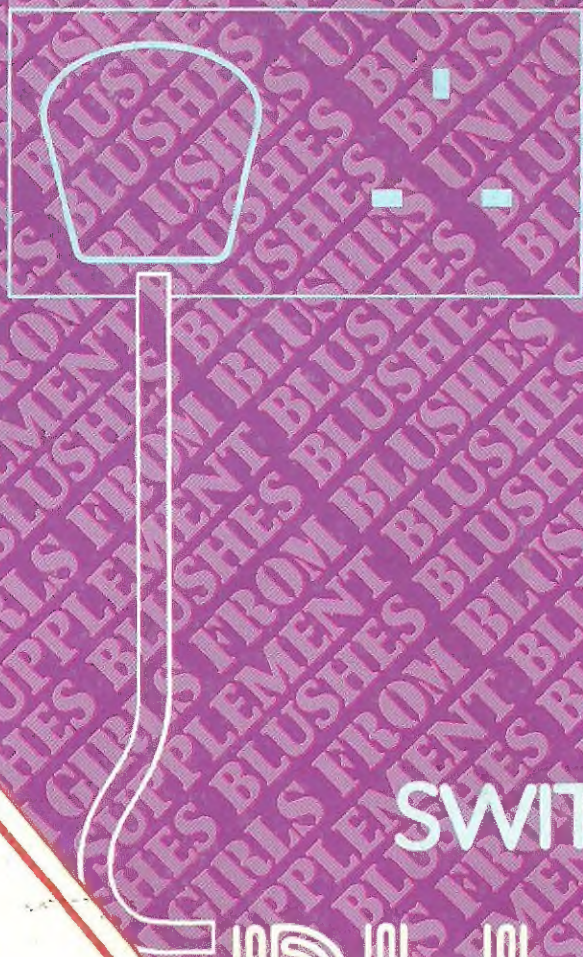
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